







Library of  
Emory University











**T H E**

**SCHOOL FOR FATHERS;**

**O R, T H E**

**VICTIM OF A CURSE.**





THE  
SCHOOL FOR FATHERS;  
OR, THE  
VICTIM OF A CURSE.  
A NOVEL.

CONTAINING  
AUTHENTIC MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES,  
WITH  
HISTORICAL FACTS.  
IN THREE VOLUMES.

---

V O L. I.

---

L O N D O N :  
Printed for G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON, Paternoster Row,  
MDCCLXXXVIII.

memoirs really are authentic, and allude to particular personages; as if those who read merely to be amused, or to dispose of an idle hour, which might, but for such a resource, be worse employed, would give one pinch of snuff to be convinced that the entertaining history of Clarinda Cathcart, &c. &c. &c. contained nothing but absolute matter of fact.

These frequent, and sometimes solemn assertions (which no one thinks it worth while to controvert) of the authenticity of memoirs in general, have certainly created a kind of scepticism in these matters, which will operate on the mind when *real* histories, under fictitious names, are the subject of the pen.—To the multitude of readers it can be of little consequence, whether the unfortunate persons, whose true titles are

con-

concealed beneath the assumed ones of Alfred and Elwina, were ever called into existence, or whether they are the mere creatures of the brain: to them it will be needless to declare, that the mournful passages these pages contain bear any relation to real circumstances, the severity of which overwhelmed the most virtuous and amiable of human beings, who were too good for the world they lived in.

My asseverations, then, are not to them: less need have I to make such to those, who well know what is true or false in the volumes now laid before the public; those to whom the characters of Alfred and Elwina were known and endeared, may rest satisfied, as to their conduct through life, and the motives that actuated the last measures of the ever-regretted Elwina.

Many will take up these little volumes, and find their interest in them doubly awakened, by discovering their acquaintance with some of the characters. The sigh, the tear, which the tale, simply taken in itself, would excite in breasts prone to melt at the relation of well-feigned woe! will be increased to anguish, when recollection points out the real sufferers; the lovely eyes of the blooming maid will be suffused in tears, when she contemplates the portrait of an admired acquaintance; nor will the hardy veteran refuse the manly tribute of a tear over the untimely grave of a brother soldier!

Readers! I knew them.—Dear were they to my heart—ever will they live treasured in its now lonely mansion!—To their *manes* I make the sacrifice of tears, while I retrace

retrace their virtues, and celebrate their worth ! Yet had I been content to have made my own bosom the tomb of their history, had not the base suggestions of those who were better informed, and, therefore, sinned not in ignorance, dared to asperse the conduct of the most amiable among women !

Those who should have gloried in contributing to her happiness, conspired the destruction of her peace ; and, now, when their cruelty has accomplished her fate in this world, they with unremitting malevolence rake up her ashes, and give motives to her actions equally false, and injurious to her memory !

Her friend, her faithful Maria, is particularly called upon, to vindicate Elwina !

These sheets will do it—her own pen shall be her justification.—Yes, loved Elwina, the artless lines, written immediately from the best of hearts, shall, in the minds of the candid, acquit you of all ill—they shall do more: they shall erect a throne for thy excellence; and happy shall these be who can emulate thy virtues! Those who recall thy picture will join in thy eulogium, while those hard-hearted persecutors of the now entombed Elwina will hang their guilty heads, abashed, and feel the vulture of remorse prey on their vitals!

---

I meant only to have given the letters of these, so dear to my heart; but I find it necessary to say more than I at first intended. I wish to make an interest for them

them in the bosoms of my readers; their letters will do so. The ease and elegance of the diction, with the sentiments they breathe, will certainly procure them an admirer in every peruser. But I want every one to love, to regret them, as I do. It is impossible! they cannot know them, they cannot love them, like me. Ah, ye vile calumniators! ye could not know them; your ungenial bosoms glowed not with their hallowed fire! Read, then, these letters—Learn to reverence; and, since your tongues are unequal to their praise, in future be silent!

Blessed spirits, look down on the forlorn Maria, who ceases not to bend her streaming eyes over the untimely tomb, which encloses, from her mortal view, the objects nearest and dearest to her heart! who



ceases not to anticipate the hour, when she shall be reunited in the bonds of ever-during friendship to those, whose loss this world can never supply, and whose worth and sufferings it could not reward!

M A R I A.

# M E M O I R S

## O F

### A L F R E D ' s F A M I L Y .

**A**LTHOUGH it is by no means consistent with the doctrine of free-agency, to believe there is an over-ruling principle that impels our actions; yet how frequently we see, and how unequal are we to account for it, that every circumstance of our lives, and of our descendants, receive their colour and tincture from some cause, which to us short-sighted mortals appears as if we could by no means avoid, or have prevented, any more than have foreseen.

There are few persons who cannot, either in themselves or acquaintance, readily trace effects from causes which look so like inevitable fate, that, in some moments of their lives, will render them almost sceptics, if not *temporary* predestinarians. This truth will be exemplified in the pages of this work, which are devoted to the memoirs of Alfred's family.

One sad and unforeseen event served to tincture each succeeding hour; every calamity, which devolved on the amiable, but unfortunate Alfred, might be traced up to that cause: nor was he the only sufferer; the being dearest to him in the world was likewise its victim; and even myself, who was no otherwise connected than by the holy bonds of friendship,—alas, how many bitter tears have I shed!

how many hours of keen affliction have I known, which but for that event might have been changed to happiness resulting from theirs.

The father of Alfred was the eldest and favourite son of a man of large possessions in the west of England: He passed his early youth in the common *routine* of education from Westminster to Oxford, and in the twentieth year of his age was sent to finish his career on the continent.

By a too early initiation into all the follies of dissipated youth left to itself, or what is perhaps more to be deplored, to a tutor of small abilities and bad principles, he was near falling a sacrifice in two or three years, to the destructive shrine of pleasure. Frequent remonstrances had been made by

his yet fond parent, who, although he supplied him with the means of continuing his extravagant life, never failed his admonitions at the same time.

These letters always tended to excite in him a momentary contrition for his past conduct, and a constant resolution of making a reform for the future—which good determination generally lasted till some new pleasure—some scheme, which had the air of novelty to recommend it, came in the way. And then—some more occasions were given for grave exhortations, and unavailing, because not permanent, repentance.

There were however still remaining some excellent *traits* in his character; some fixed principles of *meum* and *tuum*, which  
could

could never be overthrown, or even overpowered by the example or attempts of his dissolute companions ; but there was a carelessness and almost indifference of the world's opinion of the exterior of his conduct, which rendered him an object of reproof to the sober part of mankind, and almost justified their idea, that he would proceed any length for the gratification of his love for pleasure. However, the grief which he plainly saw his reprehensible life gave to his indulgent father, would frequently cause a tear to fall on his burning cheek—and deep regret would draw the bursting sigh from his bosom.—These symptoms of remorse, however, his father saw not, and therefore began to think him incorrigibly bad ; since he sought not his own vindication, or even to contradict the unfavourable reports which too often reached

reached his native land ; his attachment insensibly weakened from these circumstances, and his heart became prepared to cast him off for ever, for an act, which in the eye of a worldly man was imprudent ; yet as it was dictated by the noblest principles of honour and justice, should rather have claimed praise than approbation. However, the old gentleman acted as many fathers have done before him, and will continue to do, and congratulate themselves, at the same time, that they have the custom of the world on their side.

Unhappily for the young traveller, now the subject of my pen, he had been thrown into a bad set on the commencement of his tour. His heart was naturally good—it was warm, generous, and grateful—these principles, properly directed, would have  
done

done honour to the possessor—the rectitude of his heart led him to trust indiscriminately to others; its warmth inclined him to improper attachments, its generosity led him to support extravagance, and its gratitude induced him to be partial to those who called themselves his friends: Thus the very virtues of his heart operated to his disadvantage, because they were not under the guidance of reason and religion.

He suffered himself to be warmly attached to a class of women, with whom it is dangerous for youth to be connected, and yet difficult to avoid—they soon discovered the warmth of his heart, and by early advances inflamed its propensities; the easy conquest however soon lost its charm; but one fair form was succeeded by another, and these dangerous connections



tions contributed to debilitate his constitution to a degree which awakened his tutor to the fear of his death, being the consequence of his repeated irregularities. The charges he had received from his patron when he committed his darling child to his care, now flashed on his coward soul. What apologies should he be able to make? Would the father be satisfied with the poor extenuation, that he could neither help or prevent the excesses of his pupil? Another, and perhaps more powerful dread assailed him—he should lose the benefice that had been promised him—there was the true cause of the concern he expressed, when he opened his eyes to behold the emaciated figure and pallid cheek of his once blooming charge. He called in a host of physicians; and it was agreed on all hands, that

that he should leave the burning soil of Naples for the milder air of Nice.

Fear operated as well as prudence would have done—the tutor hurried him away without giving him an opportunity of taking leave of companions it had been happy he had never met; and every method was taken with the utmost celerity to re-establish his health.

Proper regimen, regular hours, and a life from whence all dangerous exertions of the passions were excluded, in a few weeks wrought a visible change in the person of the invalid; above all, he met with a sensible young man, with whom he contracted a friendship. His conversation, at once amusing and rational, opened in the heart of our traveller a source of entertainment

ment to which he had before been a perfect stranger.

This new friend was an Englishman; he had accompanied his mother to the continent, in the fond hope of restoring health to so beloved a parent—this hope was divided between him and the lovely Emily, who had just attained her seventeenth year, and with him made up all the family of Mrs. Melford.

They had heard much of the salutary air of Nice; and flattered themselves they should see a length of years added to a life so valuable to them—In compliance with their ardent wishes she had consented to make this one more trial—But she knew too well the nature and source of her disorder, to place the least confidence in change  
of

of air or situation. A tender constitution joined to a heart of exquisite sensibility and delicacy, had received frequent and repeated wounds from the hand which should have cherished the one and protected the other. An undeserving husband, who had too long been the object of her tenderest love, while her better sense was forced to refuse him her esteem, had by a series of ill-usage totally broken her heart and health—His fortune dissipated, his character lost—Ruin and remorse fell upon him at once, and a guilty hand precipitated from the world, a wretch who was a disgrace to society.

Parental affection and duty rendered the afflicted Mrs. Melford just able to support life for the sake of her children—they adored her—and her son looked forward, with

with all the trembling of anxiety and hope, to the year which would put him in possession of an estate, that he might, out of it, make a suitable provision for two persons so inexpressibly dear to him as his mother and sister.

On To that period he now wanted barely six weeks—the writings were already drawn, and he resolved, the moment after returning thanks to that Being who allowed him to behold the morning which would bless him with the means of being instrumental to the happiness and convenience of those dear objects, to complete their security from pecuniary wants; they having at present but a bare competency, which would cease on the death of Mrs. Melford, her inconsiderate husband having sold the reversion of it. Thus was the Melford family

family situated when our traveller became acquainted with it, from the vicinity of their lodgings.

The faintlike resignation of the mother, the dutiful attention of the son and daughter, and the beauty of the latter, which was rendered more interesting from the soft apprehension of her mother's danger, gave birth to, or rather awakened sentiments of purity in his bosom he had never experienced before—He beheld them with a reverential awe—and while the scene he contemplated daily made him detest the former irregularities of his life, it gave him a relish for superior enjoyment.

The uncomplaining sufferings of Mrs. Melford was as a mental moralist—all his follies

follics vanished; and he never knew serenity or comfort but in their society.

Eager to procure any amusement for her son, Mrs. Melford rejoiced in the growing friendship between these young men, and frequently promoted little excursions for them; while the beautiful Emily devoted her whole time to the task most pleasing to her gentle and affectionate heart, that of affording comfort to her sick parent.

The health of our traveller, who, to prevent confusion, I shall call Mr. Harley, was now perfectly restored. But one more week remained of young Melford's minority; and, to render their joy more exquisite, his mother seemed to be mending; some of her complaints had left her, and  
more

more flattering symptoms appeared ; happy hope now almost had reached certainty ; their bosoms expanded, and Harley took a sincere interest in the approaching welfare of the Melford family.

The young friends had engaged in a party, who were going to take the diversion of shooting a particular kind of wild fowl, much admired in that part of Italy.

The amended looks of Mrs. Melford had given an hilarity of spirits, and a glow to the countenance of the lovely Emily, which communicated itself in a greater degree to the heart of her excellent mother, than she had for years discovered. She anticipated the joy of seeing her beloved children secured from the pangs of want  
and



and dependance, and even talked of some alterations they would make in the old mansion of their forefathers, and settled some arrangements in their future establishment.

The evening was particularly fine—"I think I have strength, my love," cried Mrs. Melford, "even with your arm, to reach our favourite alcove: there we will wait the return of Henry and do, my dear girl, order your guitar to be carried thither; it will be a sweet accompaniment to its trembling strings to have your plaintive notes re-echoed by the gentle breeze."

Not long had they been seated in this delightful retreat, enjoying all that innocence could bestow, ere doleful cries and  
dreadful

dreadful shrieks at once assailed their ears, and terrified their hearts. Emily threw down her instrument, and involuntarily clung round her trembling mother, who had started on her feet, with a countenance of the utmost dismay. From the seat they had a view of the road which led up to the house, and from which they were not two hundred yards. Through this opening they beheld a concourse of people running, and amongst the crowd too plainly discerned the bleeding corpse of some ill-fated wretch, supported by four gentlemen whom they knew to be of the party which went forth in the morning, with all the joy of youth flushed with hope. The name of Melford resounded from all quarters.

“It is my son! Oh, God! it is my  
“son!” exclaimed the frantic mother; and

bursting from the enervate arms of the fainting Emily, flew across the garden, just reached the mangled corpse, essayed to clasp it in her arms, shrieked out his loved name, sunk down, and expired.

With looks as wild and death-like, but with strength a little less exhausted, the forlorn Emily threw herself between the bodies of those who were dearer to her than life, as if she meant no more to be reckoned an inhabitant of a world now become a desert to her. The officious and indeed necessary care of those about her bore her to her chamber, where repeated faintings left her less sensible, for a time, to the poignancy of her sufferings and loss.

It is time to account for the fatal accident which had deprived an amiable youth  
of

of his life, accelerated the death of the most excellent of mothers, and cut off the once blooming and ever innocent Emily from every support—leaving her the heiress of her father's indiscretion and her mother's misfortunes—totally unprovided for, in a strange country, unknown, unprotected! And all this complicated scene of woe was the work of one moment. That hand was doomed to do the direful deed, whose heart most loved the unhappy sufferers! that heart, which had frequently melted at the view of uncomplaining innocence, and which had cherished the utmost veneration for the mother, friendship for the son, and still more than friendship for the lovely daughter—that heart was now fated to deplore the anguish the erring hand had occasioned!

All the day Melford and Harley had wandered together in pursuit of their game, side by side, "mingling sweet converse." The former, toward the close of their sport, proposed a separation. They had just parted, when a single bird flew up : eager for the prize, Harley levelled his piece. At that fatal moment Melford came within its range, and the whole charge lodged in his body. He fell. "It was an accident," he faintly cried ; "dear Harley, I forgive you ! Comfort my mother ! Oh, my poor Emily !"

The surrounding party could scarcely prevent the wretched Harley from executing a speedy vengeance on himself, to the *manes* of his murdered friend. He raved, he threatened : they confined his hands, both for their own and his safety ;  
but

but the remonstrance of one had infinitely more weight than the arguments (which were merely common-place, on this most uncommon occasion) of all the rest put together.

“ Will you not then make all the reparation you can to the distressed mother and sister of our unhappy ill-fated friend? Did he not with his dying breath exhort you to comfort them? Live then, Harley! be the son and brother you have unfortunately deprived them of; soothe their sorrows, protect their unguarded situation, and act as he would have done, who in one short moment is torn from their arms!

“ We shall all bear a mournful testimony of your innocence; the ill-fated  
C 3 “ victim

“ victim of accident has forgiven you. Do  
“ not then give way to despair, and add  
“ deliberate murder, to atone for unfore-  
“ seen error. It is from you they must  
“ look for protection : they have now a  
“ kind of natural claim upon it; nor must  
“ you withhold it.”

“ I will not, I will not,” cried he, in all  
the agony of unavailing grief; “ dear  
“ are they to my sad heart. Oh, loved  
“ companion ! ” continued he, falling by  
the body of his mangled friend, and kissing  
his pale cheek, “ has my disastrous hand  
“ deprived thee of existence? an existence,  
“ to preserve which I would freely have  
“ laid down my life. Dost thou for-  
“ give thy murderer? And hast thou be-  
“ queathed thy hapless mother and beloved  
“ sister to the man who shortened thy days?

“ I ac-

" I accept the solemn bequest from thy  
 " cold hand. She is *my* mother : Emily  
 " shall be mine too. Yes, beloved friend !  
 " yes, dearest Melford ! here on thy breath-  
 " less body I swear it. And may the curse  
 " of heaven fall on me, if, from this  
 " moment, their honour, their interest, are  
 " ever separated from my own ! "

With difficulty the mutual friends of the  
 dead Melford and almost distracted Harley  
 prevailed on the latter to allow them to  
 begin their mournful procession to the  
 lodgings of the unfortunate youth. Their  
 minds were too much interested in the re-  
 cent event, to form any plan of communi-  
 cating to, or concealing from, the wretched  
 relatives, the fatal circumstance. A do-  
 mestic of Melford's first gave the alarm ;  
 which was followed by those cries that



reached the unhappy parent and sister, and brought about the speedy death of the former, leaving the latter a truly forlorn survivor.

For three weeks the life of the orphan Emily seemed hanging by a thread, which each moment was in danger of being severed for ever. Harley, in mute anguish, bent over the drooping flower, bereft of its root and support, scarcely ever quitting her bed-side, but to give vent to a violent burst of grief, when often in the paroxysms of her delirium she called him by the endearing titles she used to give her brother; that brother which his unhappy hand had sent to an untimely grave.

But, though his heart and soul dwelt with Emily, Harley neglected not what  
was

was requisite for those he so deeply deplored. He gave orders for the funerals of the deceased; in which business he had much difficulty to encounter, as they were protestants. However, money loses not its value in those countries any more than with us: and as money was no object with him, only as it procured him pleasure and gratification, and the shewing honour to his friends was now the ruling passion of his heart, he spared no cost in giving those, whom he ceased not to call the victims of his want of care, a more than decent interment; placing a stone over their common grave, denoting their misfortune and virtues.

When Emily became thoroughly sensible of her real state of distress, she gave herself up to the most deplorable melan-

choly. The sad prospect that opened on her view was in itself enough to terrify one of her sex and age. She inherited, from constitution, habit, and education, a delicacy that left her very unequal to the struggles which penury and an unprotected state are liable to experience. When Harley devoted himself to her, he meant religiously to perform the offices of parent, brother, and guardian. His compassion, and, above all, the consciousness of being the prime cause of her misfortunes, endeared her more strongly to his heart. He had vowed, in secret, his hand should likewise be devoted to her; yet he dreaded her averseness to blessing the man, whose hand had torn all her comforts from her. His situation was peculiarly distressing: however, what he could do, he delayed not. He had written to his father for a  
supply

supply of cash; and, as soon as it arrived, he purchased in the Italian funds an annuity on the life of Emily, which, although inadequate to the state of life she was born in, was yet sufficient to keep her above want. He found much difficulty in prevailing on her to accept this; and which she would receive on no other terms, than the power of relinquishing it at pleasure. She still hoped the heir to her deceased brother's estates would have so much honour as to make provision for her when he should see what were her brother's intentions towards her, and be told how very destitute his death had left her. For which purpose she resolved to write to him, inclosing the still unsigned instrument.

It was impossible for a heart accustomed to tenderness, and which had suddenly been

deprived of the objects of it, to be long insensible of the extreme attention and delicate solicitude of such a man as Harley; and indeed Emily had been so long used to receive pleasure and consolation from his conversation, that soon his conversation alone could procure her any comfort. Each hour of his absence was an aching void; even her tears and grief for her lost friends afforded no relief to her heart, unless his were mingled with them: they became insensibly all the world to each other; and every other consideration was lost in that of contributing to the comfort and consolation of each other.

I have remarked, that Harley had left Naples suddenly, and the cause has been likewise recorded: but the busy tongue of fame had given another reason than the  
true

true one; and the disappearance of a very beautiful, but very abandoned courtesan, at the same time, gave rise to a report of their having quitted that city together.

A young Englishman, who returned about that period to his native isle, mentioned this surmise among many other too true instances of depravity in Harley; which reached his father's ears just as his mind was a little disturbed by the large sum of money he had drawn, to enable him to place his beloved Emily in some degree of independence.

Instead of writing to his son, to know the truth of this calumny, he made private inquiry of the tutor about the connection he feared Harley had formed with one of *the painted jays of Italy*. The tutor, who  
had

had long beheld the beauties of Emily as a glutton does a favourite morsel he is eager to destroy, hoped to be able to break the bonds he saw were forming; and then, as she would be reduced to the utmost exigency, he might stand a better chance of success; thus, wolf-like, enjoying in idea the pleasure he should reap at the expence of the honour and happiness of the innocent Emily, he rejoiced at the poison he discovered to have made some progress in the breast of the old gentleman, and quickly resolved to aid it all he could. He returned an artful, well-feigned letter, wherein he lamented the fatal snare into which his pupil, contrary to his admonitory advice, had suffered himself to be entangled: that he much feared the insidious seducer would never quit him, till his marriage, and consequently his ruin, was effected:

fectcd : that he, the tutor, was on the point of writing to Mr. Harley, to obtain leave for returning home, as his stay only served to mortify himself, by being exposed to insult for seeking to prevent a mischief he feared could only be prevented by an immediate command from the father to return home—infinuating the plea of ill health was no more than a pretence, as in Naples he could not insure to himself the intire possession of his syren.

This fabricated letter from the vile tutor occasioned a very severe one to Harley. His father, in general terms, reprobated the whole of his conduct; and assured him, he should overlook his almost unpardonable indiscretions on no other terms than his immediate compliance with two conditions; namely, his quitting the continent directly,



directly, and giving his hand, on his return, to a lady he had long since fixed on for his wife.

Ignorant of the treachery which had been practised against him by his tutor, he delayed not a moment informing him of the very strange and unusual letter he had just received. The secret joy which dilated the heart of the incendiary had no other effect on his phlegmatic features, than a cold smile. Harley's honest unsuspecting heart felt a chagrin he could not conceal, on finding the man who had ever professed the utmost regard, receive such intelligence so coolly. His questions were urged with so much warmth, that at last the hypocrite was thrown off his guard : a quarrel ensued ; and Harley, sick of the contest, and eager to behold his loved Emily,

hastily

haftily quitted the lodgings to feek confo-  
lation in the endearing tendernes of his  
foul's darling.

She turned pale at the relation he made  
her, both of his father's letter, and recent  
altercation with the tutor. With horror  
ſhe now recollected the many obſcure  
hints he had given her of his odious paſ-  
ſion; but above all ſhe trembled at the  
reſolution of Harley's father. Till that  
moment ſhe never thought a ſeparation  
from him on whom her eyes delighted to  
dwell, would be neceſſary. To live in  
his ſight---to hear his voice---to converſe  
with him---It was all the happineſs ſhe  
wiſhed for. But to be deprived of this!  
Again ſhe felt the fatal ſtroke which rob-  
bed her of her mother and brother; her  
wounds

wounds bled afresh; her face was drowned in tears, nor could she articulate a word.

The soothing accents of Harley, which once had power to calm her griefs, were now urged in vain.—All the horror and distress of her helpless situation appeared in true colours. Sicknefs and accumulated sorrow had before prevented her opening her eyes to the impropriety of being secluded from all the world, and though not living under the same roof, yet receiving protection from a young man too amiable to be beheld without an affection at once dangerous to her peace and injurious to her reputation. Convinced of the painful necessity herself, she had just strength enough to urge their immediate separation.

separation. Her health but barely established would render a journey to England extremely hazardous. But he was called thither by the absolute command of his parent, and she conjured him, as he valued her eternal welfare, to set out immediately to fulfil the obligations he had ever acknowledged due to his father.

Harley was too much attached to attend to the reasoning of Emily.—Not that he did not feel and allow the full force of her arguments; but those very arguments operated as so many powerful causes for his adhering to his first intentions of uniting her destiny to his own: she was friendless, portionless, and unprotected. Her character (which he afterwards found had its principal traducer in the tutor) was  
spoken

spoken doubtfully of. His visits, which were daily, and the interest he took in her concerns, had caused the slander of malice to have some colour. Did he not owe her reparation? That she was *friendless*, *portionless*, and *unprotected*, was his misfortune; for he had made her so. Nay, his very service had contributed to her loss of fame. How could these injuries be repaired but by his becoming her legal protector? All his rhetoric then was employed to convince her no time should be lost in determining now what ought to be done; there was but one way, and to engage her compliance he failed not to use that too-common plea, that his father would *forgive* what he could not *prevent*; and that he should easily convince him how much he was bound by honour to act as he had done. He failed not too, with all the  
fond

fond partiality of a lover, to assure her, that as soon as his father should behold her beauty, and on a nearer acquaintance, be convinced, as himself was, that her mind even surpassed her person, he would, with him, almost, bless the occasion which had united them.

The generous pleading of a lover, beloved as Harley was, will but too often have the same influence.—Silenced, if not convinced, Emily no longer opposed his wishes, and that very evening gave him possession of her hand, as he had long before engrossed all the tenderness of the heart of this amiable unfortunate girl.

He was too much disgusted with his tutor, to acquaint him with his marriage, but slightly took leave of him the next day,

day, without entering into any conversation

By easy stages, in which he consulted the debilitated state of his loved Emily's health, he prosecuted his *route* towards England. As it was his interest to be there as soon as possible, they made but short stay at the principal towns and cities through which they passed: the gaieties even of Paris detained them not. From thence he wrote to his father, saying at what time he hoped to have the happiness of throwing himself at his feet, and on a true relation of what had passed, he doubted not receiving his parental forgiveness and blessing, which it should be the future business of his life to deserve. He thought it better to defer the news of his matrimonial engagement, till by stating

ing the particulars of the melancholy story, he had secured an interest in his father's heart for his dear Emily.

To strengthen his eloquence, he determined to apply to an Aunt who was a great favourite with the old gentleman, and who had even much influence over him, in consequence of her having once given him a piece of advice in a law-suit, by which he had gained a considerable accession of fortune. Harley, in his boyish years, was much beloved by this Aunt, and he resolved to pay her a visit, immediately on his arrival in England, confiding his beloved wife to her care, till he obtained permission to carry her to the seat of his father.

Ever sanguine, and now happy in the  
4 possession



possession of a woman formed to inspire the truest tenderness, and flattering himself that his father must approve his choice, the hours flew gaily on; and he had even taught his Emily to smile with cheerful hope.

Delusive hope! how transient thy visits!  
how deceitful thy smiles!

“ The spider’s most attenuated thread  
“ Is cord, is cable, to man’s weaker tie  
“ On human blifs.”

On their arrival in London, Harley proceeded to Leicester-Fields, the residence of his Aunt. He left his wife in the chaise, and his name was announced. As he ascended the stairs, he heard his name  
repeated

repeated with no pleasant sound. "Har-  
 " ley ! what brings him hither ? why does  
 " he come to me ?"

" Because," cried he, " there is but  
 " one woman in the world who is dearer  
 " to me than my Aunt ;" saying which, he  
 made but one step from the door to the  
 upper end of the drawing-room, to catch  
 her in his arms. Her cold restrained air,  
 and sable dress, struck him at once. With  
 a petrifying voice and repelling hand she  
 told him, " If to trample over the body  
 " of his father, and insult his ashes,  
 " were all he wanted, his presence in her  
 " sight was as unpleasing as unnecessary.  
 " Go," she continued, " go to this wo-  
 " man, to whom you do me the honour  
 " of being second in your regard ; go to  
 " her, and tell her how much you have

“sacrificed at her shrine: go, and boast  
 “that you have sent your aged father with  
 “sorrow to his grave; and in her arms  
 “seek consolation for the beggary and  
 “curse which are now all your inherit-  
 “ance.”

Harley with difficulty staggered to a  
 sofa, and more dead than alive, sunk  
 down upon it. He sat motionless some  
 time, nor did he perceive his Aunt had  
 left the room till some minutes after. His  
 head turned giddy, but he had still recol-  
 lection enough to remember he had left  
 his Emily in the chaise at the door; and  
 he found too forcibly he was an unwel-  
 come visitor. By the balustrade he sup-  
 ported his trembling limbs; and with a  
 face, pale as despair could make it, he  
 hastily threw himself into the chaise, bid-

ding the post-boys drive to an hotel in the neighbourhood.

His agitation was too visible to escape the observation<sup>a</sup> of Emily; — her spirits took the alarm, and she<sup>^</sup> sat in a fearful dread of hearing something bad. He spake not a word. After a few minutes silence, she ventured to take his hand, and with a voice softened by terror and tenderness, inquired what new cause had arisen to make such an alteration in his countenance: “Is your Aunt ill?” she asked.

“Yes,” he replied, with a sigh that seemed to rive his bosom,

“Are you going to your father?”

“ No ; oh, no ; ” cried he, with an agonizing groan.

“ Oh Harley,” said Emily, bursting into tears, and sinking her head on his shoulder, “ what am I to think of all this ? “ Is it thus we are received ? Is this the “ flattering prospect you were a few hours “ since painting to my enchanted view ? “ Will you not speak to me ? ”

“ I cannot ; --- too soon will you know “ all.”

By this time the chaise stopped ; the unhappy pair could scarcely support each other into a room ; when Harley, who had no longer command over himself, gave vent to all the anguish that tore his heart-

heart-strings,—throwing himself on the floor, dashing his head against it, and exclaiming in all the bitterness of language on the cruelty of his fate.

Half breathless, and dying with the dread of she knew not what, the poor pale Emily sunk down by his side, incapable of affording him consolation, or even articulating a word of inquiry. In the midst of his own anguish he saw and pitied hers. He started on his feet, and though his looks were wild and despairing, he gently raised her, and placing her on a chair, bade her have some comfort. “You,” cried he, “you are not a beggar, nor do you labour under the curses of a dying parent.”

“Oh!” she exclaimed, “I am doubly

“ and trebly, so, if I have occasioned such  
“ misfortunes to you. It is I alone have  
“ caused these evils,—dearest, best loved  
“ of men,” she continued, sinking on her  
knees before him, “ can you, can you  
“ forgive your Emily, and taking me to  
“ your bosom infuse some comfort there,  
“ to keep my poor heart from breaking?”

He folded her in his arms, assuring her  
she was more dear to him than ever;  
then starting from her, he raved against  
the uncommon hardships he endured;  
swore he would go to his father’s house—  
nay, to his grave, and demand what he  
had done, to be consigned to beggary  
and perdition!

Emily too plainly saw his head was dis-  
turbed, even to the dislodgment of his  
reason.

reason. This was a call upon her more particularly to exert herself. She begged of Heaven to grant her sufficient strength of mind to support this heavy affliction, and to enable her to afford some consolation to her beloved husband. She soothed him by her endearing caresses, and at last prevailed on him to lie down on a bed.

She requested a physician of eminence to be sent for, who had some knowledge of her family, and to him she related the little she knew of the cause of Harley's phrenzy. His name was well-known to the doctor, who had indeed heard many particulars relative to the old gentleman's death. He was extremely surprised to see in the wife of Harley, a young lady whose character and connections he was already so well acquainted with.



After ordering a copious bleeding of his patient, he recommended their immediate removal to convenient lodgings, as being a more eligible situation than a public hotel. He kindly undertook the whole arrangement himself, observing the incapacity both of Harley and his wife; the former from disorder, and the latter from grief consequent on it.

In the evening he called again, and had some conversation with poor Emily, which afforded a shadow of comfort to her careworn heart.

He told her, old Harley had been grossly imposed on by false representations, which he believed came from the tutor of her husband, and who arrived in England three weeks before them : of this he was now  
fully

fully convinced, as the report was, the wife of Harley was an Italian courtesan of the most infamous character, who had instigated him to fight a duel with one of her former lovers ; and who, it had been reported, was unfairly killed ; though the matter had been made up, by large sums of money properly applied.

Emily could but lift up her hands and eyes at the falsity of this relation, which could be equalled only by the villainy of the inventor. The doctor assured her he now discredited each part of it, as so material a one had been overthrown which he was able to contradict. “ And I wish most heartily,” he added, “ the old gentleman had lived to be convinced of the falsehood of that diabolical rascal, who has certainly

“ been the cause of his death, and the re-  
“ probation of his once favourite son.”

“ Oh, my God!” cried Emily, with  
streaming eyes, “ do but restore the reason  
“ and health of the dearest, most injured  
“ of men, and to all the evils of poverty I  
“ will submit with resignation, and praise  
“ the Power that has mingled blessings  
“ with its chastisements!”

“ I trust,” said the doctor, “ in a little  
“ time our patient will be sufficiently com-  
“ posed to receive consolation, from the  
“ conviction that his father would never  
“ have denounced so severe a curse, but in  
“ consequence of misinformation. When  
“ his reason and strength of mind is re-  
“ established, from conscious innocence,  
“ he

“ he will feel the anathema much lighten-  
 “ ed; and, indeed, I think it an unnatural  
 “ exertion of parental authority, which  
 “ cannot be reconciled to religion or rea-  
 “ son.”

Emily declared she was much comforted, and, in the simplicity of her heart, added, she hoped the brother of Mr. Harley (when the truth fully appeared, and which she was certain would reflect honour on his character) would take his unhappy case in consideration, and give him, at least, a younger brother's portion. It is happy for the human heart, that it can thus derive comfort to itself, though from a shadow, as it certainly enables it better to bear the present weight of evil, and time may blunt the edge of that which we thus shift off to a future day.

This hope of Emily was just of the nature of that she had formed on another occasion, when she doubted not the heir of *her* brother would commiserate her, and do in part for her, out of *justice*, what her brother had intended from motives of affection.

The doctor, who knew the world, and had felt too many pulses, to be ignorant of the motives which actuate men in general, at the same time that he was unwilling to knock down the little fabric she had erected, to repose upon too suddenly, yet could not help observing, he feared men were more religiously disposed to adhere to a vow, by which tenure they held large possessions, than to any other; that four thousand pounds per annum and great personalities coming unexpectedly to a man, was more apt to contract, than expand his heart.

How-

However, he would by no means discourage the hope, which, as it was founded on the idea of the younger Harley being a man of honour and a Christian, reflected the highest honour on the amiable heart that suggested it.

He begged her to rest satisfied, that whatever he could do should be urged in their behalf; and that he would early the next day wait on Harley's aunt, who was a woman that would hear reason.

After receiving the most grateful thanks from Emily, he began to give an account of the death of the old gentleman. It has been observed, that his son's ill conduct had for some time weakened the excess of fondness he had ever indulged towards him, and which some well-managed in-  
endos

endos from the younger Harley, and a long absence, contributed so much to, as to render him disposed to believe any unfavourable representation.

When the infamous tutor arrived with a tale ready drest up for the already prejudiced father, the shock was so great, that an apoplexy was the immediate consequence : he recovered only to have strength to alter his will, to cut him off with a shilling, and to imprecate the heaviest curses on his head. To mitigate the severity of such a procedure, the reader must recollect the provocation he appeared to have given his father. He had been told his son had drawn for very large sums under a false pretence—(That he had drawn for these sums, was a truth ; and the vile tutor gave the false colouring to it.)—that he had em-  
brued

brued his hands in blood, even that of his friend, which broke the heart of the young man's mother ; and that he had married an infamous strumpet, whom he meant to palm on his father as a woman of virtue : that great part of his money was expended in crushing the evidence of those who knew the unfairness of the duel, and that his more lawful debts were left unsatisfied. This intelligence, to a man of strong passions, would produce strong effects. Choked with rage, and hardly able to utter his bitter curses, he fell to the ground in a fit. In the first moments of his disappointed hopes, he had sworn he would cut him off from his fortune and family ; and, it is said, care was taken to have a lawyer follow the heels of the surgeon instantly. There was no kind mediating friend to interpose ; no one to hint that, perhaps, things had been exaggerated,



gerated, and that the tutor shewed more of rancour against the absent Harley, than affection for the family, in the account he gave: on the contrary, the turpitude and flagitiousness of his crimes were held up in the most detestable light, and nothing was wanting to accelerate the business which deprived an unfortunate and injured man of his indubitable right in the possessions of his forefathers; and, while it reduced him to a state of penury, loaded him with the reflection, that the last breath of his parent expired in bitter curses on his devoted head!

---

The doctor was very assiduous in his attendance on his patient, acting in every capacity as physician, divine and moral comforter. But the blow had stricken too  
near

near the heart of Harley. And let his fate be a warning to every young person, to keep in the strait path of rectitude! His innocence of the more material and basest charges might, and probably would, have enabled him to struggle with poverty and its concomitant evils: but, alas! though innocent in these instances, he yet had been guilty of many vices; and he read his crimes in his punishment. Young men are too apt to flatter themselves, that the hurry and vivacity with which the natural flow and indulgence of their passions urge them to rush into excesses, carry their excuses with them. A sick bed, however, will always shew them their actions in a true light: the fallacy of their opinions, the absurdity of their doctrines, will then appear in their proper colours, divested of the prejudice of passion, or the arts of sophistry;

phistry; and they will turn away their disgusted eyes, with horror, from the sad picture their frailties hold up to their affrighted view.

Thus fared it with poor Harley! In the height of his fever he raved incessantly in all the horror of despair; his conscience charging him with a thousand acts, which now shook his soul with terror. It was the task of the humane physician to speak peace to him, and in part he succeeded. He easily prevailed on his aunt to visit his chamber, which afforded him a very visible comfort. His intervals of sense, however, were fewer and shorter each day; yet he failed not in every one to recommend his adored Emily to the protection of Heaven, and such friends as could bestow it on her.

It

It is impossible to describe her affliction; but yet it was increased by finding herself in a situation that, in happier times, would have been a circumstance of added delight.

As women, and particularly single ones of a certain age, are apt to be curious in their inquiries on their first interview, poor Emily had been asked if she was in an increasing way, in a manner that threw her into the utmost confusion; and being confirmed, in what she dreaded to be the case, by the sagacious old lady, felt a new source of distress in reflecting that she should produce an unfortunate being into the world, to be the heir of poverty, and joint heir of sorrow and affliction.

The

The doctor seeing no shadow of hope for his poor patient, began to prepare the unhappy Emily for the event which he foresaw would happen within the course of a few hours. Heavy as had been the trials of this young creature, her heart felt this stroke as if it was the first arrow from the quiver of misfortune. But yet it was *borne*, and it was *survived*! Heaven endowed her with fortitude; and, moreover, gave her the sweetest of all consolations, a conviction that her beloved was reconciled to his God, before he was snatched from her eyes for ever!

From the scene of death, Emily was removed to Leicester-fields, where the aunt of the departed Harley used every consolatory expedient in the same words, in  
the

the same mode, and with the same effects, as have been practised from time immemorial.

A settled and habitual melancholy hung over the features of the forlorn widow.—I have heard Alfred say, he never knew her to laugh in his life. A faint smile would now and then illumine her face, like the transient lightning in a summer's sky, and as quickly vanish.

She continued to live with the old lady till the death of the latter, which happened when Alfred had attained his fourth year; and of whom she had ever expressed the utmost affection, always declaring she would, as much as was in her power, repair the injury his father had sustained in the loss of fortune. Such might probably  
be

be her intention ; but, unfortunately, he was not her heir at law, and she was indolent, or superstitiously apprehended her death would immediately follow, if she made a will, that that provision was never secured ; so that her demise, which was sudden, threw the poor little Alfred destitute on the world, except what his unfortunate mother could save from her annuity.

She had made frequent applications to her own family, many of whom lived in splendour. Those related to her by the mother's side were not sparing of their censures on the conduct of both ; they had both been unfortunate : and those who did not choose to soften her misfortunes, sheltered themselves behind the kindness they would have shewn, if she had deserved it by being prudent.

From

From the brother of her dear Harley she had even less expectation; and such had been his unfraternal behaviour, that abject slavery would have been preferred to relief from that quarter.

A distant relation, however, took up the cause of the widow and the fatherless. An old gentleman in the North offered her an asylum in his house, and undertook the education and establishment of her son. That her beloved child should not be left totally destitute and unprovided for by her death, she sold her annuity for less than two thirds of what it originally cost, and vested the sum in the funds for his use, when Heaven should please to remove her from a world that had bestowed on her a more than equal portion of its discomforts.

To



To a mind sensible, delicate, and torn with repeated sorrows, as Emily's was, a quiet retreat, where she could have indulged her melancholy propensities, which led her constantly to deplore the loss of those loved connections she had been so suddenly and cruelly deprived of, would have been "a consummation devoutly to be wished." But we are not the carvers of our own fortunes; and any situation that promised security to her son, from farther and future want, was gladly embraced by her.

Mr. Nelson seemed charmed both with the mother and child; and as he liked society himself, could not consent they should retire from it. Indeed, Mrs. Harley had too much sense not to know it was her interest to sacrifice her own feelings on this occasion;

occasion; and likewise it was the interest of her child, a much dearer consideration than her own, that he should mix in a world on which he had no other claim for its attention, than by complying with the customs of it.

At a proper age Alfred was placed at a public school, and from the mode of his education (no expence being spared), Emily was almost inclined to flatter herself, that the surmises of their acquaintance were just, and that Mr. Nelson meant him for his heir. However, to prevent future disappointment, and arm his young mind against encouraging a hope that might, from the known capriciousness of old age, and various circumstances, be totally without foundation, Mrs. Harley related to Alfred every incident previous to his birth.

She infused into his bosom a spirit of independence, to stimulate him to make every possible improvement, that he might have it sooner in his power to do something for himself, if accident or any other cause should deprive him of the patronage of Mr. Nelson—always inspiring him with the deepest gratitude to that friend, who so bountifully bestowed benefits upon him that could never be wrested from him, but in every situation of life would be productive of pleasure and use.

---

Young and handsome as she was, it is rather wonderful she should not have been often solicited to enter into a second engagement: but whether she early made known her fixed intention of never changing her state, or whether the lustre of her beauty

beauty was tarnished by her tears, or that in the round of visitors there happened to be no one who was charmed with a *Niobe*, has not been cleared up. Alfred has declared, he never heard her speak of any man but her husband and brother; and he believes, except himself, she never looked two moments together on any of the sex.

Her piety, her resignation, and tender love for him, were uniform, warm, and rational. She seemed to have been in the poet's mind, when he personified Melancholy;

“ With leaden eye, that loves the ground.”

But, though sad, she was never gloomy, and would exert herself to vary the amusements of Mr. Nelson (whom she esteemed as a parent) and of her son, whom she

doated on, but yet never indulged in the follies which young mothers are too apt to comply with, from a false affection.

It certainly would have relieved her mind from a great and natural inquietude, had Mr. Nelson made some settlement on Alfred, or declared what his intentions were towards him. By his education and allowance (for the old gentleman regulated all these matters as if he was born to the inheritance of the first estates in the kingdom), he was enabled to associate with boys of the highest consequence; a circumstance which often filled the heart of Mrs. Harley with dread, lest he should contract a taste for the great world, when perhaps his fortune might be little more than the poor pittance she had been able, from the sale of her annuity, and subsequent

sequestered savings, to collect together for him.

She made him clearly understand how little he was entitled to figure in the style he now moved in, and how necessary possessions are, to stamp a value on merit, which is too often overlooked in obscurity; that every thing he had was a gift from the bounty of Mr. Nelson; that it was by no means permanent, or his by any other tenure than the will of the donor: she convinced him of the extensiveness of his obligations, though they should cease sooner, and without that termination which he might flatter himself would be the consequence; since the advantage of a liberal education could never fail him; from thence he would derive a source of utility and pleasure, that would accompany

him to his latest days, and provide him the means of maintaining himself with honour and credit, should all other resources be removed from him.

These admonitory lectures had, no doubt, their due weight with a lad of good understanding, and well disposed, as Alfred was. He revered, he idolized his mother, and wished for an independent fortune for nothing so much as to convince her of his affection, by placing her in a situation most congenial to her turn of mind.

There was a singularity of character in Mr. Nelson, which, although Mrs. Harley, who was all compliance and attention, never pointed out to her son, yet soon became visible to him. He had fixed principles

ciples of what he thought right and wrong, which it was not an easy task to make him recede from, notwithstanding they seldom squared with the opinion of others: it was sufficient they were the children of his fancy, to adopt them with all the zeal that could inflame a martyr. Mrs. Harley never fought to combat them: Alfred would now and then enter his *caveat* against *outré* prejudices; but respect to a look of disapprobation from his mother would check him on the instant; though he sometimes felt great difficulty in concealing his chagrin, when the old gentleman (who esteemed charity even in an higher degree than St. Paul himself, as his creed was, that it did not only *cover*, but *cancel* a multitude of sins) would unpleasantly enough give proofs of his predilection for that virtue, by instancing how



much he had done for persons so distantly related to him as the Harleys.

Emily considered these little *traits* in his character as no other than the taxes we are obliged to pay to government for its protection; they are evils, but every one must submit to them. She felt more for him, than for herself, on these occasions, as she feared his opinions would make him a subject of ridicule to those who, though they would laugh at his foibles, would never take example from his virtues. She well knew he meant not to distress any one, notwithstanding he could not resist the vanity of erecting a temporary throne for his own praise.

In the series of years they had lived together, he never once mentioned any  
future

future plan for Alfred; which indeed gave her more true concern than a thousand particularities in his conduct could have done. He was now eighteen, and nothing yet had been proposed; when one day she assumed courage to hint, that as he had received so accomplished an education, she was half inclined to have him introduced to his uncle Harley.

“What!” interrupted the old gentleman quickly, “to have him take the boy out of my hands, and have the credit of his first appearance in life?”

Mrs. Harley trembled at the eagerness of Mr. Nelson, and hastily justified herself from such an idea; adding, her only intention was, that he might blush for having thus long neglected even to inquire after

the *only* survivor of his hapless brother, who would do honour to his family.

“No, no,” said Mr. Nelson, “we want nothing of him.”

It was natural for a fond mother to collect materials enough from this, to build a strong hope upon; and yet so cautious was she of flattering such a hope in her son, that she concealed her own; and on his discovering a joy, so common in young and sanguine minds, she discouraged it as much as possible.

Alfred now was sent to finish his education at Oxford: but so determined was he to have no choice beyond what Mr. Nelson and his mother should fix for him, that he knew not to what science or profession

feſſion to bend his ſtudies. He contracted ſome very good acquaintances, and between them, and his acquirement of the different branches of knowledge, he paſſed his time very pleaſantly.

It happened he was at home, in one of the vacations, when he attained the age of twenty-one : on which day Mr. Nelson preſented him with a valuable gold watch and appendages, accompanied with a pocket-book containing a note for two hundred pounds. He ſtopped his grateful acknowledgments by turning to Mrs. Harley—“ Now, couſin,” ſaid he, “ tell me “ your thoughts. Have you any objection “ to your ſon going into the church? I “ have a good living which has juſt fallen, “ and I can get it held for him, till he is “ of age to take it.”

She readily declared she had no wish, but his will, in the establishment he had so good a right to regulate.

Whatever were at that time the sentiments of Alfred, respect for the persons before him made him acquiesce, without the smallest objection being started. It was then settled, that, for the future, his studies should be confined to religious exercises; and he returned to Oxford, to fit himself for the clerical life.

The living, which was five hundred a year, was presented to a neighbouring divine, who was under some particular obligations to Mr. Nelson, and who scrupled not to accept it for a time, till Alfred had passed the necessary degrees.

He

He entered immediately on his lectures in divinity, and looked forward to his snug rectory, and all the rural comforts of a country parson: above all, he anticipated the pleasure and satisfaction of having a permanent home for his beloved mother.

Mrs. Harley now experienced more serenity of heart than she had known for upwards of twenty years. In the establishment of her son she contemplated a most desirable asylum for herself; hoping that, in his filial arms, all her cares would be hushed to peace: she hoped too, whenever he made choice of a partner for life, he would be guided by such principles, and attached to such a character, as would increase their mutual happiness, instead of diminishing it.

Alfred

Alfred could not take possession of his living till the age of twenty-four, to which period he wanted about a year and a half, when their good friend, Mr. Nelson, was attacked by an alarming fit of the gout, which in a week carried him off.

On inspection of the will, it was found he had left an annuity of two hundred per annum on Mrs. Harley, and a legacy of five hundred pounds to Alfred, for the purpose, as it is said, of furnishing his rectory.

Many people, who readily enough censured the partiality of the old man during his life-time, and spoke freely of adopting distant cousins, to the prejudice of nearer relations, now as violently exclaimed against the cruelty of breeding up a youth  
with

with the expectation of being his heir, and then only making a poor parson of him. It is difficult to act so as to procure the praise of every one: it is almost impossible. These murmurers are of a tribe never to be satisfied. We must not judge from a part, but take the whole into consideration.

It is true, the sum of five hundred pounds is but trifling: but the education of Alfred had cost more than three times as much, and he was in expectation of that sum yearly from his living; Mrs. Harley had been supported near twenty years, and a good annuity was bequeathed to her. Because a person has done a great deal for us, are we to expect it as a right, that they should do a great deal more?



Mr. Nelson had relations, who, though not very dear to him, had yet a natural right to the greater part of his fortune: nor was he so *very* rich as many of his neighbours believed, because his charities were extensive. Upon the whole, then, he merited not so much blame as those, whom it noways concerned, or who would have given five shillings to have it otherwise, chose to cast upon his memory; and each party interested in the disposal of his fortune were very well satisfied with the arrangement.

Neither Alfred or his mother ever looked further than a competency; which was thus, in a manner, secured to them: and the relations, who succeeded to the remainder, found themselves so much better off than they expected, that they  
were

were full of acknowledgments to Mrs. Harley and her son; particularly the former, who had taken some pains to adjust a difference between them and Mr. Nelson, some years previous to his death, and the date of the will.

Alfred had now taken the necessary degrees, but did not choose to assume the gown till the resignation of the living had been made in form.

When the time arrived, he wrote to Doctor Taylor, acquainting him with the circumstance of his being of proper age, and reminding him that he should be ready, whenever it suited the Doctor's convenience, to disencumber him of the trouble of officiating at the rectory.

He

He received for answer, that the Doctor  
“ was extremely surpris’d at the nature of  
“ the letter he had just had the honour of  
“ receiving. He had accepted the trust  
“ from his good friend and patron, Mr.  
“ Nelson (now with God), and had found  
“ no *trouble* in performing the duties of  
“ his cure, which, from his good state of  
“ health, he doubted not, with the blessing  
“ of Heaven, he should continue to enjoy  
“ for many years.”

Thunderstruck with this answer, Alfred prepared a reply, demanding the resignation of the living, according to a stipulation between his honoured friend deceased and him (the Doctor). This the pious prelate treated very cavalierly: he talked much of his attachment to the canons of the church, which rendered such business illegal; and  
simony

simony was the last crime he would be guilty of: discoursed of his love for his church, in the language of Solomon's songs, as if it was his wife; a divorce from which, he said, could not be effected but by mutual consent, or some fault, deemed by law of consequence enough to dissolve the union. This, he jocosely added, was not the case. He loved his benefice, and his benefice loved him—cherishing and supporting each other in sickness and in health. He had been true and faithful to his wife, the church; she had never complained of his neglect of his duties, nor should any thing but death part them.

As this was a species of correspondence by no means suited to the taste of Alfred, he determined to engage some man of the  
*law,*

*law*, to teach justice and equity to the man of the *gospel*; but as there is no agreement that can stand good in law, where the matter in dispute is according to the canons unlawful (although such things are done every day, and the good Doctor knew the intentions of Mr. Nelson when he requested him to hold the living), he very calmly gave up those trifling points of justice and equity, exclaiming in the words of Shylock; "It is not in the bond. I do not see it in the bond."

The obstinacy of this son of the church was a matter of serious consequence to Alfred, as he began to fear he should find great difficulty in combating it, unless he could either frighten him into compliance, or bribe him high enough to make the resignation worth his while. For the first  
he

he was too cunning, and too well convinced no proof could be brought, and he laughed at the idea of having his character exposed, as much as he affected to be offended at the supposition that he would countenance so grievous a sin as simony, which he would no more be guilty of committing than heresy or schism.

It was a cruel disappointment to a young man who had really been taught to depend on this assurance of the resignation as much as that he should demand it; but after consulting various learned men on the subject, he found, to his infinite concern, that there was no chance of redress; and to this day the conscientious Doctor Taylor enjoys the fruits of his labour in the Lord's vineyard, without the smallest compunction of spirit from any impertinent

nent reflection, that he withholds another man's right.

Thus did Alfred, by the death of one man, and the injustice of another, see himself deprived of his future hopes of subsistence, when those hopes had just led him to a much dearer one of making that subsistence a happy resource to his mother, and still more of enabling him to offer his hand to one of the loveliest and most amiable of women, with whom he had some months before become acquainted; whose friendships he had been honoured with, and who had made a sensible impression on his heart.

In the midst of his disappointment and affliction, he derived this consolation, that he had not actually declared himself the  
lover

lover of Elwina, though he had vowed never to be so to any other; and it was plain to see, that although nothing but friendship and esteem were avowed on her part, no other man had any chance of succeeding with her.

---

But I shall cease to dwell on this part of Alfred's history. The correspondence began before this period. The minds of Alfred and Elwina were too congenial not to assimilate towards each other. Their acquaintance began while the latter was on a visit in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Harley; who, after the death of Mr. Nelson, had taken a small ready-furnished house in a village on the west of London, where



where she meant to reside till her son was settled in his rectory.

If with so good a prospect before him, Alfred thought himself inferior to Elwina (who indeed, in point of merit, could scarcely meet her equal, though her fortune could not be supposed to be large, there being many in family, and most probably the elder brother would have the greater share of the good things of this world), how much did he now think himself fallen below the hope of aspiring to her ! Nothing but his regard to his mother's peace of mind prevented him going abroad directly ; so very difficult did he foresee it to suppress his affection for Elwina, or keep it within due bounds, which prudence suggested to him as proper,

per, both for her sake and his own. He might indeed have purchased a living, as he had rather more than three thousand pounds in possession ; but as that would be leaving all the future hopes of his family dependant on the casualty of his life, he could not give it a thought. He then immediately relinquished all ideas of the church, as his best prospect would be the privilege of starving like a gentleman, on a poor curacy. Indeed his inclinations were never fixed on a clerical life, but he complied intirely because he saw both his mother and Mr. Nelson had made choice of it for him ; and he was determined his conduct should never disgrace his profession.

The world was now in arms : and he blushed, at his age, to rust in inglorious

ease and obscurity, when every young man seemed particularly called upon to draw his sword against the combined foes of his country; France at this time having just begun her treacherous alliance with the deluded and rebellious Americans, which circumstance threatened, and indeed produced a general war.

A martial spark, so natural in a youth of spirit, who felt with indignation the injuries of his country, had now and then emanated from the soul of Alfred; but his mother with that anxious fondness, quite as natural, when in looking on him, she beheld all the treasure which repeated tempests and storms had left her, ceased not to repress his ardour as much as possible. She painted with the energy of truth the miseries of war. These pictures, however,  
would

would not have made much impression on him. Every one hopes for success in himself, and thinks he shall come off victorious : besides, dangers, beheld at a distance affect us in a trifling degree. But he could not shut his eyes and ears to the effect his resolution had on his beloved mother, whenever he but slightly mentioned it ; or whenever, with a glowing cheek he spoke with envy of the British youth, whose arms were gloriously employed in so good a cause, a deadly pale would overspread her features ; tears would rush into her eyes ; and if in company, she would be constrained to quit the room, to give vent to a torrent of grief. On such occasions Alfred would follow her, and with all the soothing tenderness of filial caresses, would vow to give up all thoughts of a life which should for one moment

embitter hers. He would carefully guard his expressions before her ; but whenever he could talk freely on the subject, he lamented his situation, which condemned him to lead a life of shameful inactivity, or wound that bosom, whose only blessing he too plainly saw was his society in safety.

---

I have said Elwina was one of many children : her father had been very successful in his profession, which was that of a wholesale grocer ; but he was one of that numerous tribe who like to be the head of a family. His eldest son was, therefore, educated for a gentleman ; and the two younger, that they also might be gentlemen by profession, were brought up to the law

law and the church. For this foolish man unhappily despised trade, although the chief of his possessions were acquired in consequence of his steady adherence to it for near forty years. From this little *trait* it may be presumed Mr. Bedford could not spare much money (when he had such material claims for it) to portion off his daughters; and therefore when the visible attention and partiality of Alfred was first perceived by him, he was not displeased. He was received in the family with that kind of distinguished preference which fathers and mothers usually shew to men they rather hope will soon declare themselves: and indeed, independent of this view, it was impossible not to feel a partiality for such a man as Alfred. His person was formed in the finished mould of beauty. His height was

just of that point when the graceful begins ; eyes of dark hazel, with all the fire and brilliancy of that colour ; but when fixed on Elwina, had all the impassioned softness of blue ; a complexion sufficiently fresh to indicate health and a good constitution, without that rustic ruddiness that will, in spite of its beauty, convey an idea of vulgarity. His mouth and lips were the handsomest I ever saw, and I believe it would be difficult to decide whether they looked more enchanting when open or closed ; when the latter was the case, each corner was beautifully dimpled ; and when his elegantly-formed lips separated, he disclosed the finest set of teeth in the world. Such was the exterior of Alfred ! a name which he obtained from having performed the character in the masque of that name, when at school.

The

The intellectual part, I should hope my readers are at present a little acquainted with ; they will see nothing in his letters to contradict the good report I have made of him.

---

Elwina had not so much critical beauty, either in her form or features ; but there was something irresistibly touching in her whole manner ; it was impossible for any sex or age to be two hours in her company, without loving and being improved by her. I never shall forget the first time I was so happy as to see her. I felt my soul assimilate towards her as if they had been formerly acquainted. It has been united to her ever since. Ah, why



were we separated? why am I left to deplore so much virtue and sweetness? It was my pride, my glory to think we had sister souls; why was not mine placed in the same delicate mould as hers? Why should the storm that shook her to the ground, only rive off my branches, yet leave the root to put forth fresh shoots, when its companion, its support and ornament, is blasted for ever? Why am I reserved to be the painful historian, when I should have been most happy to have had some pitying friend say of us,

“ They were lovely in their lives,

“ And in death they were not divided.”

But Heaven thought it necessary I should live to celebrate the praise of my  
beloved

beloved friend; she, whose character and conduct has been vilified by her most unnatural brother! His pride, his arrogance, are too well-known among those who have the misfortune to be connected with, or allied to him. Was it not enough that she sacrificed her life to her prudence? Was her love and her honour too to be given up to satisfy his malevolent heart? Though unblest by affluence and riches, she might at this time, even at this moment, been rich in the happiness of giving and receiving felicity with the amiable choice of her affections; she might have been in possession of those heart-felt joys, *he* can never experience, because he is unworthy of them. *I* might have been happy too: But it:

is all over. Be appeased then, thou wretched, turbulent Claudio! The cold grave has shielded thy lovely sister from thy future malice.

LETTER

L E T T E R I.

ALFRED TO ELWINA.

*(Written the beginning of the Year 1779.)*

WILL my amiable friend pardon the presumption of a young man, who has dared to construe an expression she let fall the other evening, as a tacit assurance that she will not be mortally offended with him for writing to her during his excursion? Or will she not rather

F 6 feel

feel additional cause for anger at his boldly endeavouring to shelter his impertinence under so sacred a sanction?

Tell me, Elwina, have I greatly erred in my translation of the text, and will you allow me to comment upon it? You see how naturally I tread in the path that is chalked out for me, and adopt the style, as I soon shall the habit, of a pulpit orator.

But do you remember the conversation? *I* can never forget it. You bore too great a share in it to admit of the traces ever being worn from the tablet of my memory. Besides, the sentiment was so congenial with my own ideas. The subject was interesting to me, who was so soon to quit the society, above all others, formed

formed to make me happy, and give me sufficient reason to regret the many weeks that I should be necessarily prevented from rejoining it. I was making some melancholy reflections, when the sound of your melodious voice, and the sentiments you uttered, adding sweetness to the sweets, roused me to the strictest attention, and hatched comforts in my soul.

“ I can never believe (you said) that  
 “ the absence of friends can be so painful,  
 “ when they so seldom avail themselves  
 “ of the only privilege to soften it, and  
 “ which is in the power of every one. For  
 “ why, when they have the blest means  
 “ of *speeding the soft intercourse from pole to*  
 “ *pole, and pouring forth all their hearts,*  
 “ they should sit pensively and unsociably  
 “ down, without telling those they have  
 “ left

“left behind, that they ever think of  
 “them, is much beyond my idea of  
 “things. I shall never flatter myself that  
 “a friend regrets my absence, who omits  
 “any opportunity of telling me so by  
 “heaven-formed letters.”

O Elwina! dare I aspire to your friendship? Will the most charming of women allow me to place myself on that distinguished list? Will she allow, during this painful separation from all that is pleasing and elegant, now and then to address her with my pen? Have I misconstrued your words? Is it vanity? (too inherent to young men, and which the attentions you have honoured me with could almost justify :) Oh! is it all vanity? And am I looked on only as the common *routine* of acquaintance that visit at the house of

Mrs.

Mrs. M—? Forgive me, forgive me, Elwina, if a too susceptible heart has for some moments thought otherwise, and flattered itself, on comparing your behaviour to myself, with that to some others, I have perceived a difference that has thrilled through every nerve.

I really wonder at my own temerity. Believe me, my hand trembles, and my heart beats painfully while I write these lines; uncertain whether they will be a prelude to the most wished-for correspondence; or whether it will not force you to drive the arrogant, the aspiring Alfred from your presence for ever. Judge then, Elwina, what are my feelings at this instant;—I leave off—I hesitate—something impels me to make the trial—I dare hardly proceed—I dare not look back—I  
could



could almost wish---yet I will send this ; I am sure I should not mend it, if I was to begin it afresh, as my agitation increases each moment. I do not presume to intreat you to answer this incoherent letter. I mean to be at Mrs. M——'s on Wednesday next. The week after, I purpose to set off for Oxford, to keep my last term there, previous to my assuming the black robe. On Wednesday!—How shall I support myself till then?—On Wednesday I shall see Elwina.

Yes, in your lovely eyes I shall read my destiny ; from your lips I flatter myself I shall receive pardon for this presumption. If (which Heaven forbid !) you should really see it in the light which *some* women would (but *such* I should never offend), what will become of me ? I  
feel

feel my sentiments for you must ever remain the same : that is, I must, while I have sense and discernment, revere and admire worth, sweetness, and all that is amiable in your sex. But grant, kind Heaven, that I may rather *love* with gratitude, than *adore* with trembling.

Yours, most truly,

Alfred.

LETTER.

## L E T T E R II.

ELWINA TO ALFRED.

*Friday Evening.*

I CANNOT forgive my seeming disingenuity on Wednesday last. How could I coldly say, I forgave you, for the most pleasing instance of friendship I ever met with; and, to adopt the language of *Alfred, so congenial to my own ideas?* How could my lips do so little justice to my heart?

heart? They ought to have told you I accepted your offered friendships with the utmost delight and satisfaction; that I had, even before you requested it, placed you on the distinguished list of my friends; I will own more; I already see you at the head of it. It is your merit, and a very moderate share of discernment in myself, that have procured you that eminence.

I ought to feel more friendship for you than to regret your absence. It is too advantageous to you to clear me from selfishness in wishing your journey could be postponed till I quit this vicinity. You see how little you know me, when you ascribe so much virtue to me; but we shall be better acquainted; and I trust  
you

you will act the most useful part of friendship, telling me of my faults, and not flattering fancied perfections, lest I should be vain and silly enough to think I really possess them.

You were extremely good to send a message of inquiry yesterday. I should have been happy in a high degree, had it been a written instead of a verbal compliment. But I have no one to blame but myself. I am convinced the absurdity of my behaviour on Wednesday would make you draw inferences unfavourable to such an intention. I know not what ailed me. I am seriously vexed with myself; and, notwithstanding appearances were then so strongly against me, I will assure Alfred, I am neither ungrateful or insensible, and that  
his.

his esteem and correspondence will ever be cherished as very great additions to the happiness of

Elwina.

LETTER.

## L E T T E R III.

ALFRED TO ELWINA.

I BEGIN to think the only fault I shall ever find with Elwina, will be the having turned the head of a once very tolerable young man. But how should it be otherwise? Oh! Elwina, if ever you should change your mind; if, by any circumstance, or cruel event, you should cease to honour me with your friendship, what must become of the undone Alfred? But why cloud over the joy, that at this moment

moment expands my bosom, with so bitter an anticipation? Elwina is too amiable, too just to be capricious; and though she may blame the weakness of the head, will pity the feelings of the heart; a heart that glows with esteem of the most perfect nature, and will endeavour to emulate her worth, till it renders itself, if possible, a counterpart of her own!

And have you the goodness to wish I might not quit this place, now become dear to me from being your temporary residence? Alas! why does necessity urge me to leave you? And yet, but for necessity, I should tire you with my company. Oh, Elwina, it is too rich a repast to be with you "every day, and all the day." How blest should I be, to be certain



certain of enjoying your conversation one day in a week as long as I lived! the remaining six would be passed in felicitously antedating the next happy day, or dwelling with gratitude and rational delight on the retrospect of the last.

I will not make any comment on Wednesday, only I will just observe Elwina is too severe in her strictures on herself. That man must be undeserving the friendship and esteem of an amiable woman, who could urge, with importunity, concessions in his favour. And he must be blind and insensible who does not see and gratefully acknowledge, in the soft timid eye of modest beauty, all that ought to satisfy his honest wishes.

Adieu! To-morrow I shall be the happiest of earthly beings. I am to pass the whole afternoon in the company of Elwina!

ALFRED.

## L E T T E R IV.

ALFRED TO ELWINA.

*Henley.*

I AM now some miles from Elwina.

My horse has conveyed my body, but my mind is still with her. O blest memory, how rich are thy stores ! Imagination ! thou too art my friend. The distance between me and the most amiable of women increases each hour. But in *my mind's eye* I view her still. I hear  
the

the softest, sweetest accents vibrate on my ear, and my charmed and faithful recollection tells me 'tis the voice of Elwina ! Only think of my presumption ! I have actually two or three times caught myself fingering that charming little Italian air you set to music. Oh, those expressive lines !

*Il suo dolce, desio*

*Chi gli risponde, ardo d'amore anch 'Io.*

I was punished sufficiently for my audacity. I thought my notes sounded as hoarse as a raven's. My heart echoed the sense, but I was unequal to express the delicate harmony of a voice, which, even in common speaking,

“ Might create a soul under the ribs of death.”

Now do not call this hyperbole ; by my honour it is not. It is more true of you than I once thought it could be of any woman in the world ; but then I had not seen, I had not conversed with Elwina.

And will you forgive my making it a question ? It is impious to doubt you. Will you devote a whole day to my dear mother ? How good to propose it ! and how doubly kind, to tell me it shall be next Wednesday : the day fortnight when the aspiring Alfred dared to raise his eyes to read forgiveness in Elwina's ! How shall I with rapture greet each anniversary of that blest day ! The anniversary ? Oh, each weekly return ; each day, that will not fail to add to my esteem, my friendship for the first of women !

How

How happy will be the most excellent of mothers, on Wednesday next ! A whole day with Elwina ! O that I could in reality (as I shall in idea) stand in between the two on earth most dear to me. Such a parent ! such a friend ! of what should I dare complain ? whom should I envy ?

To-morrow I reach Oxford to dinner. I shall from thence write immediately to my mother. I fear Elwina will think I intrude too much on her indulgence, if I presume to write again *very* soon. Her letter must decide it. I will do nothing but as you authorize me. You shall be my directress, my guide, and from you I will make no appeal.

May that Power I am going to invoke  
for your safety and welfare, shed his be-  
nignest influence on your head, prays your  
devoted

ALFRED.

LETTER

L E T T E R V.

ELWINA TO ALFRED.

*Wednesday Night.*

**Y**ES, Alfred, I have passed a whole long day with the most excellent of women. I wonder not at your being so amiable. How must you have degenerated from your maternal stock, had you been otherwise !



You never told me her story. She entered on it by chance. She apologized when she saw the tears I shed. From a common stranger the relation of such woes would have wrung the tear of sympathy from my heart. *She* is the mother of Alfred.—I hardly knew what I did.—I looked on her as something more than mortal, to have survived such griefs. I gazed on her, as if I feared, when she ended speaking, my earnest eyes would lose sight of her, and she would vanish like an apparition. I revered—I adored—I did more, I loved her. And without meaning to be improperly familiar with so respectable a person, I threw my arms round her neck, and wept on her bosom some minutes without speaking.

I must

I must visit her again. She did me the honour of saying, she had experienced more relief and comfort from this day's conversation, than she had known for many, many years. Yes, I will go to her: her piety and resignation will be admirable lessons for me, if it should please Heaven to chastise me with afflictions. My God ! what a series of misfortunes has she endured !

I wonder not at your filial regard for such a mother. I should hate you, if you was not as truly sensible as you are of her transcendent goodness.

For Heaven's sake never bestow praises on me again ; a poor insignificant atom in the creation, when compared to Mrs.

Harley! I sunk so low in my own estimation, that had not her careffes lifted me into some degree of consequence again, I could not have supported my own ideas of inferiority.

I do not expect to sleep this night. My thoughts are continually with your dear mother. Since supper, I attempted to give Mrs. M—— some relation, but my tears would not allow me. She has not a soul for these things: it was cast in a very common mould. I have heard of every-day beauties; Mrs. M—— has an every-day mind. Her pleasures and pains have been suited to her strength most admirably. I do not mean to be severe, but I think that Pope's general sarcasm on the sex might very well be applied to her.

her. She has certainly less of character in her, than most women I know. There is no trait by which you will know to-day what sort of woman she will be to-morrow.

“ She’s every thing by starts, and nothing long :”

Except, let it be remembered, that she is very good-natured ; which, an old lady of my acquaintance says, is almost the severest thing you can say of any one. In short, you say it when you cannot find any thing else to say in their favour.

I must tell you I received your letter from Henley yesterday. You say you will be guided by me. Then positively you must write no more such letters. I wished

to have read it to your mother ; for you know, as my friend, you ought to write nothing but what I could read to her : But such praise ! Pray do you think my head and heart equally as impenetrable as adamant ? For mercy's sake proportion your attack upon them to their natural strength. Seriously 'I do not approve of such flattery. I had a better opinion of myself than to believe you could suppose I should be pleased with such adulation. For although " sweet is praise from those, " &c." yet I remember too, that " praise " undeserved is satire in disguise." That I have some trifling qualifications which happen to be to your taste, is very likely. I will give you credit for your discovery : and moreover, I will strive to become as perfect as your partial,

but,

but, I fear, erring judgment has pronounced me to be. Adieu, and good night.

Very sincerely Yours,

ELWINA.

LETTER

## L E T T E R VI.

ALFRED TO ELWINA.

**A**ND has my respectable parent beguiled the gentle Elwina of her tears? Why was not Alfred present to wipe the precious drops from the loveliest eyes in the world? Oh Elwina, say not that I flatter. By all my hopes of happiness, I speak not with half the energy that I feel your perfect worth. If I did, *you* might then accuse me of flattery;

though still I swear, I should be innocent of it.

Where have you concealed yourself all this time? How is it possible you should have remained single till the age of twenty three? It appears marvellous to me. Yet I cease not to thank Heaven for the circumstance; for had some happy youth been blest with your hand and heart, where would you have found room for friendship for Alfred? Your acquaintance he might have been, but he could never have aspired—nay, he then would not have wished to be your friend.

---

Last night there was an assembly at ———; I went to it, because I was a subscriber.



scriber. I danced not, because I met with no one that I liked : what have you not to answer for, for having made me so difficult to please, so more than indifferent to every other woman ? I looked with a scrutinizing eye over the bevy of beauties ; but something was wanting : I find “ Tis “ not a set of features I admire.” Tis sensibility ; tis expression ; tis—it is Elwina !

I was called a stupid fellow by half the assembly, and thought so, perhaps, by the whole. To make my peace, I pleaded indisposition, and, indeed, I was indisposed for dancing with any one there ; and to avoid the appearance of idly filling up a place where I had no business, I retired very early.

To

To say I thank you, Elwina, for your letter, is saying nothing; yet I know not a language that can give me the expression I want. None but your own sweet words, and the tone of your own sweet voice, would be equal to what I mean.

To-day I begin to attend the lectures, which, I assure you, I shall be very diligent in doing; as the sooner they are completed, the more time I have to think on those so dear to me as I left behind at L——. How long shall you yet stay there? If I was Mrs. M——, you should never leave me. Not a moment would I trust you from my sight, as I should wish to exist only when you were by. Will you allow me to bring a message from that lady to your house, when you return home?

Am

Am I too bold? If I am, tell me so, but do not punish me by a refusal; I will not come often; only once in a great while, to give a little relish for life, by convincing me there are some pleasures worth living for.

How beautiful the moon looked last night! I wonder whether you saw it in all the splendour of maturity, if I may use that expression. I fixed my eyes on it, and, heaving a gentle sigh, wished that Elwina might at that moment be employed the same way. Do you remember the paper in the Spectator, where two persons made a resolution, while absent from each other, to devote half an hour in a day to the secret and silent contemplation of each other? What a divine feast such pleasures of the  
ima-

imagination afford ! How happy should I  
 have been, if I could have known for a  
 certainty you had been engaged in the  
 same manner I was ! It was in the assembly  
 room too ; but what is the world and  
 all its little nonsense ? at a window ; in a  
 room crowded with company ; a band of  
 music, and sixty couple dancing. Alfred  
 was detached from them all ; neither sound  
 or bustle affected him ; I was as much  
 alone as if on the wildest heath. My eyes  
 were fixed on that beauteous planet, with  
 no earthly being betwixt us but Elwina.....  
 Oh ! God ! how delicious was that half hour !  
 The happiness of ages was crowded into it,  
 and I felt hurt, because disturbed, when  
 the dance was finished. My elegant re-  
 verie was broken in upon by noise and im-  
 pertinence, and, as I said, I left the room.  
 I tried to regain the train of thoughts that  
 had

had occupied me, as I drove home ; but they were not renewable. My sober reason told me they were too wild, too excursive ; but, Elwina, not your own pure self could be purer than they were ; not an idea floated on my fancy which

“ Angels might not hear, or virgins tell.”

---

The bell announces the hour for lecture. The *head* must now be employed : though I think I could attend a lecture on hearts with more satisfaction. I wish I could see yours intire. How delightful ! And yet how should I tremble on the examination, lest I should not see the figure of Alfred in some little corner of it ! Oh, may I not hope he has a small share ? Never will he, by any action, deserve to be discarded from

so enviable a post. No, he swears on the altar of friendship and truth, the whole business of his life shall be to merit the esteem of the most amiable, the most admired of her sex!

ALFRED.

LETTER

## L E T T E R VII.

ELWINA TO ALFRED.

**B**ELIEVE me, Alfred, your meditations by moon-light were so much in my own way, that I was highly gratified by your description. It would be too foolish, or I could tell you a story that might serve as a companion to it : but friendship may well excuse what friendship alone occasioned. So to have no concealments from you ; do you remember the piece of myrtle you broke off from a tree  
in

in Sir Thomas B—'s conservatory ? I wore it all day, and in the night my heart smote me for having thrown it by, neglected, with some flowers I had gathered out of Mrs. M—'s garden. The moon, which was so favourable to your contemplation, was no enemy to my attempt (though not at that time arrived at the splendour of maturity) towards the preservation of the myrtle sprig. By its bright light, I rescued the almost expiring gift I had received from [ the hand of Alfred ; and placing it in water, found, by the next morning, it looked as if it would *live a little longer*. In that hope I put it into a pot of earth, where, I doubt not, it will take root, and grow a fine shrub. I claim a space for it at your rectory, till when it shall be my care to nourish it.

These



These may be called the follies of friendship; but if each portion of our lives should pass as those periods, when you were moralizing with the moon, and I was preserving my sprig of myrtle, what would become of the wisdom of those wise ones, who would laugh at us? I have seldom been more pleasurably employed, than during my officious care, and anticipating, perhaps, some future visit to your little domain, when I might receive, with still more delight, another piece of myrtle from your friendly hand.

I have never read the passage you allude to in the Spectator, without feeling a veneration for friends of so much sentiment. That I have met with one of the same delicacy and sensibility, will ever be acknowledged with thankful gratitude. And  
though

though I did not, indeed, at the moment you mention, contemplate the same object, I consider the adoration you paid the bright luminary, as a tribute for the services her beams afforded me some nights before. However, for the future, the night of the full moon shall never pass unheeded by me.

If you are really fond of dancing, I am sorry you could not find a partner, who could, for a few hours, be sufficiently interesting to induce you to join the festive throng. For my part, I have no great passion for the exercise ; and often wonder that so many young women are such enthusiasts in the cause. It is very well on a cold winter night ; but I never, in my more girlish days, was a violent dancer. I own,

like old *Uryla* in the Padlock, I prefer grace to agility.

You express wonder that I should have lived to the age of twenty-three, without being engaged in the matrimonial state. Is it so very marvellous?—To have lived thus long without an engagement of the heart, would, in my opinion, have been more so.

Perhaps some other time I may inform you of this point in my history, which appears so very extraordinary. There are some hearts formed for friendship; mine seems to be of that class; and we do not often meet with men who are capable of inspiring or returning it. As far as I can judge, I have been fortunate; I hope  
never

never to have my opinion proved an error ;  
I should be unhappy to be deceived.

On Thursday I go to your good mother.  
Mrs. M— pays a visit in the environs, and  
kindly excuses my attendance. I write by  
this day's post, because you will have it  
in time to know when the *tête-à-tête* will  
take place. I wonder who would be the  
happiest of the party, if you could make it  
a trio ?

Adieu,

ELWIN.

## L E T T E R    V I I I .

ALFRED TO ELWINA.

**W**HEN I become a resident at my rectory, I think I shall establish such a kind of attic entertainment as at Bath-Easton. What a prize to have a sprig of myrtle from the favourite tree!—The adopted of Elwina! It could receive no addition unless Elwina herself was to distribute it. Will you accept the office? No one would be so well qualified to adjudge the palm of merit. Sacred shall be  
the

the hallowed plant—*Odi profanum ! noli me tangere !* shall be its motto. Even I will not presume to tear its branching honours ; I will adore it, as, if the tree indeed contained my beauteous nymph enclosed in its bark. Under your auspices it must live, it must flourish. Apollo had his laurel ; Alfred shall have his myrtle : Oh ! how much happier the latter than the former ! The object of his adoration chose to be turned into an inanimate plant, to avoid his pursuit : Elwina, for me, has deigned to protect and shelter with her fostering hand my favourite plant, till I may repose myself under its branches. I should be ready to execrate the rude hand that should despoil its beauties. Guard it, my elegant friend, with your utmost care ; when it is transplanted we will have a jubilee. I

shall never see a leaf of myrtle, but I shall think of and bless you.

---

How much like an angel; in a word, how much like Elwina was it, to let me know that on this day you would visit the best of mothers!—Was you not sensible of my presence? The whole day my intellectual self has been with you: I led you from the little white gate, only just stopping to gather a branch of honeysuckle that twines round the poplar tree, which my pleased fancy saw you place in your bosom; where, may peace and happiness ever dwell. *I have no myrtle at present*; so the sweet woodbine was all the offering I could make. From thence I presented you to my delighted mother. There, in charming converse, we passed

passed the morning, and afterwards partook of a frugal, but not inelegant meal. Elwina, will you pardon my folly ? I played the truant this morning ; I could not leave my mental “ feast of reason and flow of “ soul,” to attend a lecture on philosophy. I sat in my rooms the whole day ; and to avoid impertinent visitors (for whose intrusion could be deemed otherwise ?) I shut my outer door. To use your own sweet words,—*These may be called the follies of friendship.* Oh, with all my heart ! “ There “ is a pleasure in madness which none but “ madmen know.” And if my folly makes me happy, I want not to be wise, nor do I envy those that are so.

Most truly yours,

A L F R E D.

H 4

L E T-



## L E T T E R IX.

ELWINA TO ALFRED.

I HAVE been rambling this morning over those pleasant fields behind Mrs. M——'s house, and up to that spot where you once pointed out to me a view of your mother's elegant little cottage. A kind hand has lopped away some branches that grew too luxuriantly at the end of the copse, by which improvement the object has gained much beauty. I felt particularly charmed with it; it struck on my fancy,

fancy, as if I had just discovered a dear friend, whom I loved, but thought not of seeing at that moment. Almost the whole of the neat white house presents itself; and that we do not see it intirely, diminishes not from the perspective, as it is embowered in a little wood, over which a chimney peeps, that looks like a turret. The effect is wonderfully pleasing; part of the glade was enriched by cattle feeding, and the back ground, which you remember is broken and elevated, gave the whole an air equally grand and picturesque.

It would have been heresy against the science of painting, if I had not taken a faint sketch of the scene before me. I had paper and pencils with me, and, allowing for poor abilities, I think I have succeeded *à merveille*; but you shall judge, for I hope

you are by this time quite inclined to believe that for Alfred alone the drawing was executed. I have had this evening the happiness of attending your excellent mother up thither ; and her good taste corrected the exuberance of mine ; she even pointed out a little object I had overlooked : it was the remains of a mill, which the enemies of improvement had destroyed many years since, and which, she said, you had often contemplated as a ruin that would look well on canvass. Shall I own, had any other than *your* mother made this observation, I should have been heartily mortified ? but there is no humility in yielding the palm to her. With her strictures then I completed my sketches from nature ; and, as she tells me she is to send you a parcel next week—I shall take the opportunity of conveying my performance

at

at the same time—If you discover any merit in it, superadded to that which my wish to please you, I know, will give it in your eye, pray let that too have a place in the spot destined to your future residence. My *nursery*, I hope you understand I mean the little myrtle, thrives charmingly : it looks as bright and flourishing as if it divined to what a pre-eminence over all other “ humble plants” it was to be promoted.

Mrs. M——, who you know has no more taste than a pumpkin, wanted me to draw a copy for her. It was not from idleness or ill-nature that I refused her as civilly as I could ; *she* would set no value on it ; for, very likely, unless I was at the expence of framing it, before the week came round, it would either be made a thread-paper of, or have a pin driven through it,

to make a whirligig for the children. And I could not bear even a copy of a performance professedly designed for you should be thus degraded. If your collection of drawings is small, it shall be composed of scarce ones; and this, I give you my word, shall be an *unique*. Not the first cabinet in the kingdom shall ever possess one from the same artist.

Oh! what would the scholars say, if they knew what studies engaged Alfred last Thursday fennight? How would they shake their square caps and tassels at him, out of reproof and ridicule! But what does Elwina say?—Simply this: “May the pleasures of your elegant imagination be realized.” What a confidence have I in the rectitude of your heart, to express such a sentiment!

And

And think you the whole day was passed, without our frequently wishing the almost-adored son, and much esteemed friend, was of our little party? Oh, surely, it was not. Alfred furnished the most pleasing part of our conversation.—How rich my repast! I was feasted with your praise!—What an amiable picture, and drawn by the hand of a mother! My heart exulted that I could call such a man my friend. It was a day never to be forgotten, while memory can last. Your mother looked almost more than mortal, while she dwelt on a theme so delightful to her. How did her auditor look, I wonder?

Adieu,

ELWINA.

LET-

## L E T T E R X.

TO THE SAME.

I CALLED on your good mother yesterday, but on hearing she was out, I meant not to stop: Betty, however, informed me she was but just stepped out to see a sick neighbour to whom she had promised some relief. I then determined to wait for her return, Mrs. M—— having requested I would prevail on her to dine at the Grove to-day; and, abstracted from

my hope of seeing her, I wished to have her answer.

I took a book from your collection, which proved, among some other poets, to be Hammond's Elegies. I had nearly gone through them before Mrs. Harley returned. I have read them often, and heard them much praised. Perhaps I ought not to hazard an opinion concerning a work that has been approved by great critics. As to their composition, I will not pretend to find fault with it; but I like not the subjects of the first five elegies; the sixth I should approve, but for the second stanza:

“ She tells me, Delia, I shall thee obtain;

“ But can I listen to her siren song,

“ Who



“ Who seven slow months have dragg’d thy

“ painful chain ;

“ So long thy lover, and despis’d so long !”

I hope, Alfred, you would never prove such a constant, persevering, nay obstinate lover, to so insensible, so undeserving a mistress. The last stanza but one in the seventh is too licentious to please me.

It must be owned Hammond was very unfortunate in his choice of mistresses ; how he could love such a monster as Neæra I cannot conceive. It is contrary to my system ; love could never exist in my bosom independent of esteem. It is impossible the same object can inspire love and hatred at once. But it is recorded of him, that he died a martyr to his ill-placed passion. Perhaps it was happier for him  
than

than if he had lived to be made a wretch,  
by such fordid, and, at best, insensible  
minds.

I admire this stanza in the ninth elegy.

“ With mean disguise let others nature hide,  
“ And mimic virtue with the paint of art ;  
“ I scorn the cheat of reason’s foolish pride,  
“ And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.”

But enough of criticism ; I feel I am not  
equal to it. I should not have ventured  
my sentiments on this work, but that I  
know you will kindly set me right ; and I  
shall glory in being instructed by so good  
a judge, and so kind a friend.

Much less do I feel myself capable of  
entering upon politics. But the learned in  
these

these matters say, things are growing worse and worse. I have a sister who lives in America, having some years ago married with very fair prospects, in the province of Philadelphia; but who has since experienced all the rigours of civil war. Her husband, who held a post under government, has been dispossessed for some time. I received a letter from her the other day, replete with dreadful images of distress. One time or other you shall have her history; it is melancholy and pathetic.

My return is fixed for the latter end of next week. Mrs. M—— has promised to bring your mother to see us, before the days shorten too much. “I say nothing,” but if there should be a corner in the coach, it would be no unpleasant circumstance.

Alfred

Alfred will be pleased to recollect this is the second letter I have written since I received a line from him. I do not mean to be so indulgent for the future. But I could not send my drawing without some kind of introduction, to secure its welcome and protection. Of your dear mother I shall not say a word, as I know she is at this moment writing to you. Mrs. M—— sends her compliments, and all the children wish for your return, particularly since you have promised them a ride on your pretty horse. I have quite filled my paper, and so I should have done had the sheet been as large again. But there is a summons for tea, and I must send this off for your mother to inclose.

Adieu,

ELWINA.

## LETTER XI.

ALFRED TO ELWINA.

YOU are so wholly unlike the character of Hammond's mistresses, that I may safely venture to declare to you, your opinion on every thing has the greatest weight with me. I could trust myself in your hands, as if I were a mere machine; and I am convinced, that under your tuition and guidance I could not err.

Had

Had Elwina been my preceptor, I should have learnt my lessons with so much delight, that nothing but the apprehension of losing your instructions too soon, could have equalled my improvement. I extremely admire your criticism, and think it just in a very great degree. No; I should not have been so persevering a lover.

“ Sweet is the love that meets return.”

And as to Neæra, I should have despised myself had I suffered my senses to run away thus with my reason, though she had possessed the form and grace of a Venus, or even one I could name superior to fifty Venuses. I glory in boasting a sympathetic sentiment with Elwina. An avaricious woman, is a baneful monster.

You

You delicately hint your dislike of a particular stanza in the sixth elegy. I am certain, though you may admire the poetry, you will condemn almost the whole of the fifth, as being very free and immoral ; for there he intimates that his mistress is a married woman, and that their interview was far from innocent. This elegy certainly contradicts the assertion in the preface, of *his youth being undissipated*. However, he only *supposes* the interview, but he pays no compliment to the virtue of his mistress.

His editor says, he copied Tibullus rather than Ovid. He has indeed closely copied the former, as you may judge from a translation of the Latin poet, which you will find in the same book-case, whenever you honour my mother with another call.

I pur-

I purchased them for her. I should have liked Hammond better, had he been an original poet; his thoughts are all stolen from his favourite author. And yet it is but a poor proof of over-regard, to make so free with those we profess an affection for.

Ovid certainly paints to the passions, and is sometimes too voluptuous; but we must consider the age he lived in, even more licentious than ours, and where delicacy and sentiment were not known; yet some of his writings are beautifully chaste. His *Tristia* is eminently so, which you may read in your own language, translated by one of your own sex.

These lines are beautiful.

“The



“ The season now invites me to retire  
“ To the dear *lares* of my household fire,  
“ To homely scenes of calm domestic peace,  
“ A poet’s leisure, and an old man’s ease ;  
“ To wear the remnant of uncertain life,  
“ In the fond bosom of a faithful wife ;  
“ In safe repose my last few hours to spend,  
“ Nor fearful, nor impatient of their end.”

Such sentiments would do honour to a Christian philosopher, leaving the hurry and bustle of life. You will like the whole of it.

I doubt not you have a good collection of books, your mind seems so highly cultivated ; yet perhaps in my study you may find some with which you are not acquainted. It is well chosen ; I may say as much, because the greater part belonged to my worthy friend Mr. Nelson, who left me the  
whole

whole of his library ; and when I have added all I have here to it, I shall have food enough for the greatest bookworm in the world to subsist on.

And will not Elwina think I am a mere bookworm indeed, or, as the cantabs say, “ a quiz of a fellow ? ” I have not yet written one line of thanks for your sweet inestimable present. I could have traced the master in the performance. How neat ! how elegant ! Will you not often exercise your pencil thus in delineating some favourite spot ? How shall I treasure them up ! Others may coldly admire, but *I* shall feel them in a higher degree than I can express. I will set a little room apart, the window of which shall be graced with the myrtle ; and no other ornament shall be admitted, than such as are created by

Elwina. It shall be my museum, my *sanctum sanctorum*, where no one shall be allowed to enter, but those who know how to value the favour. I would hang up the drawing in my room here, but then vulgar eyes would behold it. No ; I will lock it up in a drawer, and visit it with all the devotion that the holy relics of a saint would inspire in the breast of an hermit.

How sweetly you have answered the request I made some time ago, by a kind invitation to escort Mrs. M—— and my mother to the blest spot which gave Elwina birth ! How shall I be delighted in beholding each walk and plant that has been nurtured by your fair hand, or dignified by your partiality ! You shall shew me your favourite seat ; we will sit upon it, and you shall point out all its beauties. Your  
father

father and mother too—I long to see the progenitors of Elwina; to trace in their features some resemblance to the most lovely, the most amiable among women. Shall I love your brothers? Surely they must be worthy beings, or they cannot be related to you. Your sister, is she like you? But answer me not. I shall soon have the happiness of breathing the same air with Elwina; of viewing her sweet, and I hope not *averted* face; of hearing too the most charming accents, and dwelling with delight on each word that falls from her lips. Yes, “the heavy hours are almost past,” that divide me from elegance, sense, beauty, and exquisite worth. No one can see all these perfections clearer; no one can feel them in a higher degree, than

ALFRED.

## L E T T E R XII.

ALFRED TO ELWINA.

Banbury.

I MADE a little excursion two days since, with a fellow collegian, to see his sister, who is settled in this place. She is lately returned from America, where she had passed some years. Happily both herself and family have escaped the ravages and dangers of war, and have retired to this peaceful asylum. But I find the chief of their fortune is lost, as all their  
landed

landed property was seized on by the Congress.

I asked her if she knew your sister, as she had mentioned Philadelphia; I found she was well acquainted with her in that province; but that she had left it for some years. You will recollect, Elwina, your promise of giving me the history of your sister; and pray let it be by letter, for, when we meet, I will not let you have all the talk to yourself, dearly as I love to hear the sound of your voice.

This lady (Mrs. Dennison) followed the fortunes of her husband, who was forced to go to a settlement he had at Penobscot. He had not been long there ere the cruel necessity of setting fire to the town consumed all their property. It really makes

me shudder to hear her relate all her sufferings. She and her children were driven out by the flames, and were happy to have the shelter of a deep morass, as well to conceal themselves from the exasperated rebels, as to secure them from the hasty progress of the conflagration. In this situation she remained several hours, uncertain of the fate of her husband, and fearful, till the fall of night, to attempt seeking a more comfortable situation. What a night of horror at last presented itself! the gleams of fire from the different settlements being all the light to direct them on their way.

How is it possible a tender, delicate woman, with three children clinging round her, and crying with hunger, cold, and terror, could be inspired with sufficient fortitude and strength to combat those evils, and

at

at last surmount them? She wandered without food, and almost without clothing, upwards of thirty miles, through woods nearly impassable, lying by in the day, and subsisting her wretched infants with berries, and water from the brooks; when, just dying, they fortunately reached an Indian hut; the inhabitants of which were friendly to the loyalists—Here she received the supplies so necessary to sustain life, and with them she continued near a fortnight.

One of the sons of the family kindly undertook to travel to the army, and endeavour to gain some information of the husband of the almost despairing Mrs. Dennison. He found the Captain wounded, and near expiring, and two Indians just in the act of preparing to scalp him.



The brave fellow flew on the miscreants with his hatchet, and dealt his blows so successfully, that one dropped down lifeless, and the other was too much disabled to proceed in his horrid design.

The Indians are well versed in the virtue of herbs, which are their only specifics in all cases. The woods every where abound with these salutary helps. He procured some, and their application soon restored the unfortunate Dennison.

As soon as he could bear motion, the generous Indian carried him on his back, and in three days presented him to his beloved wife and family; the news of whose safety had, no doubt, contributed much to the recovery of the gallant officer. It was a long time before he was able to travel.

vel.—His wounds continued in a dangerous state, and the army at a great distance. All these circumstances induced him to yield to the repeated solicitations of his wife; and the honest Indian once more undertook a journey to the army, with a letter from Dennison to the commanding officer, to obtain leave of absence, as his situation precluded all hopes of being able to rejoin the regiment. The General was surprised to hear he was living, as the party had reported his death, and his commission was already disposed of. Permission was immediately granted him, and as soon as they could put themselves in condition, this forlorn family set off on their travels to the most convenient sea port, to be ready to avail themselves of the first vessel for England.

Many and various were the difficulties they had to encounter, before they found the much desired opportunity of procuring a passage. At length they succeeded; her father gave them the sincerest welcome, and happily had it in his power, by a late and unexpected addition to his income, to increase her establishment, which, together with the remains of her husband's fortune, and his half pay, has enabled them to take a pleasant little house, in the cottage style, with about forty acres of land; and he smilingly says, he shall *turn his sword into a ploughshare, and his spear into a pruning hook.* Mrs. Dennison is happier in being the wife of a little country farmer, than of a general; and the poor children (who talk yet with terror of the dangers they have seen) ramble about with delight over fields unstained with blood.

It conveys the most heart-felt satisfaction to see this once persecuted family reposed in the arms of peace. Happy islanders! did ye but consider, and properly weigh your advantageous situation, ye would less repine at the trifling difficulties ye encounter: Ye contribute money to the war; but it is carried far away from you.—Ye can never become the seat of desolation, or be witness to the dreadful scenes that rive the heart in the bare relation.

Mrs. Dennison is a pleasing little woman, and of a form and constitution, one should think, ill adapted to support the hardships she laboured through; but now it is all over; and, like the shipwrecked mariner, she dwells on the storm that so nearly overwhelmed her. She says gratefully, and gracefully too, that it was owing

to having the best of husbands, that she was enabled to struggle with her difficulties, and conquer them at last, without falling a victim to her ill fortune. The hope of again being united to a man who deserved her tenderest love, supported her amidst her trials, “and Heaven be praised,” she cries, “I am rewarded.”

Oh ! Etwina, how delightful is it to see two persons, so formed for each other, so happily united !—The dear little children too ; each hanging, with infantine pleasure and fondness, on the enraptured father and mother ; and, by their sweet caresses, congratulating and rewarding their escape from the toils and troubles of war. The scene grew too interesting. My bosom swelled even to pain, and I sought a retired spot, to give vent to feelings I could not resist.

relist. Happy family ! Happy Dennison ! to be supremely blest with the woman of thy fondest choice. Long may ye live, giving and receiving the truest transports ! enjoying the most exquisite of human felicity !

——— What is the world to them,  
Its pomp, its pleasures, and its nonsense all ;  
Who, in each other, clasp whatever fair  
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish,  
Something than beauty dearer, should they look,  
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face,  
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,  
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.  
Meanwhile a smiling offspring rises round,  
And mingles both their graces.

Yes, Elwina, it is such sights as these  
that fill my bosom with sensations too ex-  
quisite to be expressed. I stole into the  
garden, where a thousand soft impassioned  
thoughts

thoughts rushed on my mind. For some moments I was lifted up above this world and all its *nonsense*. Delusive ideas ! Oh—whither did my imagination carry me !—And does Elwina say *may they be realized* ? Oh, my sweet friend, you know not at times how wild and romantic that imagination is. But wherefore are we endued with reason, if we use it not to regulate our passions ? And what can a man wish for who is possessed of the friendship and esteem of Elwina ? Moderate thy wishes then, too presumptuous Alfred, and learn to be satisfied with a portion of happiness which scarcely any merit can deserve, or the purest affection and veneration repay. Thy friendship, ever amiable Elwina, is the dearest advantage, the choicest blessing in the life of

ALFRED.

LET

LETTER XIII.

ELWINA TO ALFRED.

I AM not in the sweetest of all possible tempers this morning, and yet I will write to my friend Alfred, to inform him his letter from Banbury was brought me hither last night, after it had lain at Mrs. M—'s two days. Address your next to me at home, where I have been this week.

I know not whether the perusal of your account of the Dennison family threw me into an unpleasant train of thought, or to  
what



what cause it was owing, but I never closed my eyes the whole night. I think I can send you a counterpart of their story in that of my sister. How could you inquire after her? I knew not that you was acquainted with her name—I do not remember having ever mentioned it.

It was foolish to begin writing when I was so little in a humour for it; nor is it worth while to send you this trifling scrap. But, perhaps, you would like to know I had left L———. I know not what ails me—I am not well—I am hot and cold by turns—I believe it is what the fine ladies call the vapours. In truth, I am out of spirits. I shall not attempt to answer any part of your letter—There are some passages quite incomprehensible to

ELWINA.

LET-

## LETTER XIV.

ALFRED TO ELWINA.

**N**OT a word that ever fell from the lips of Elwina has escaped the observation of Alfred. I do not, from hence, seek to establish a character for having a very retentive memory ; mine is far otherwise ; but each sound you utter sinks deep on the tablet of my mind. I had not known you long before you mentioned the name of Mrs. Pleydel, calling her your unfortunate sister ; that title insured her  
some

some attention from me. There are some other expressions you have let fall, perhaps, as unheeded by you, which yet have sunk on my heart, making indelible impressions—but of them no more at present.

You make me wretched, Elwina, when you tell me you are indisposed. I cannot bear those instances of mortality, in one whom I regard as of a superior order of beings ; you must not be ill. For heaven's sake, take air and exercise.—Oh, if you had a brother to whom you was dear, in the hundredth degree that you are to me, how would he cherish you ; how would he vary your amusements, till he saw health and cheerfulness regain their seat in your beloved face !

*Ton*

*You closed not your eyes the whole night.*

Elwina, you cannot be well. What occasioned the sweetest temper in the world being discomposed? Why do I presume to ask that question? If I am too importunate, chide me; but tell me, at the same time, you are perfectly recovered. Oh, that I was with you, to watch your charming countenance, and to administer, if possible, some relief to you. Elwina, I would die to restore you to health and happiness—Happiness! how came so tormenting an idea across my distracted mind? Happiness must be yours, whatever is my portion; such worth, such sweetness, must be the darling of Heaven, the Dispenser of all felicity!

I too am in no very proper mood for writing; I ought to throw aside my pen,

as

as it seems to have got beyond my guidance.

I will go and take a little air; I shall be back time enough to finish this by the hour of the post going out. There is no danger of my omitting being ready. I believe, in my conscience, if I had my will, when absent from you, I should establish a flying post, that I might hear from you every hour, and write as often; but you will say, you thought I was going to take a walk—I will do so, and then *Alfred shall be himself again.*

---

I staid only two days with the Dennisons after I had written to you; but it is with pleasure that I look forward to fulfilling an  
engage-

engagement I made, to pass a week with them next year, to see their improvements in the farming business. It may be very useful to me too, as I shall certainly keep all the glebe in my own hands, which will serve as an amusement, and, at the same time, be a very profitable employment. I really have some good notions of agriculture, which I picked up while I resided at the country house of Mr. Nelson. As to Dennison, he professes himself quite a novice, owning all the knowledge he has, are the scraps he still retains in his memory of Virgil's *Bucolics*; but he yields all the management to his wife, who seems an excellent œconomist; and if they do not find themselves richer at the year's end, they will be much healthier, and, consequently, happier, than if they were  
to

to sit down idly, and have every thing to purchase of their neighbours.

' It will not be long, according to the common measure of time (though, believe me, Elwina, the hours drag heavily on) before I return to L——. You may be certain, I shall remind Mrs. M—— that she should take the earliest day to pay a visit, the expectation of which quickens the vibrations of my heart, even to my fingers ends. Elwina, you must be quite well; have I not said so before?—Yes, you shall be well, if the purest prayer ever offered to the throne of the Almighty can hope to be efficacious.

How tedious has this absence appeared !  
No school-boy ever cut a notch from his  
tally

tally before the holidays, with half the eagerness of hope and joy as I see each day decline. Every night, I say, "Thank God, another day is over!—Now, but so many remains for me to experience a kind of banishment from all that is elegant and lovely."

Do you ever dream, Elwina? Surely it is not surprising I should find you each night the subject of my sleeping meditations. Blest sleep! how do I court thy kind visits; and yet is it not absurd, since dreams are involuntary, and we know not of what we shall dream, and while I am awake I can think of you without interruption?—Yet it is my delight, my happiness to dream of you—to see you—to talk to you—to be permitted to say unreprieved, what, perhaps, you would not hear me  
utter



utter without a frown. When such melancholy ideas intrude, I am ready to cry out with Belvidere,

Oh ! for a thick substantial sleep !

What vain delusions do we mortals indulge in ! I awake, and find, alas ! 'tis but a dream, then sigh because it is so. Heaven forbid I should ever again be so long a time without seeing you. Will those delightful hours return no more, when I was allowed to see the most amiable of women every day ; to walk with her, to hear her talk, to gaze upon her " till even the " sense ached ?" Oh, yes, they must, they will. The great Artificer of nature would never inspire such a veneration for excellence, that he designed to shut out forever from my sight ; it is contrary to his bene-

beneficence and mercy to think it. Yes, Elwina, we shall meet, and if *you* forbid it not, we will often meet.

I shall settle all my affairs here, and when the arrangement is made (which will take up but little time, as I have few accounts to cancel), I shall take leave of the University. In less than six months I shall be of age to take possession of my living, and God grant I may find no difficulty about it ; for on that depends every scheme of felicity I ever expect, or have a taste for enjoying.

During that space, I hope Elwina will have no objection to my sometimes visiting her at her father's. I shall make nothing of riding over and taking a peep at

a mansion you embellish by being its inhabitant.

How much does my dear mother miss you ! She tells me, she has never known so much comfort (her partial fondness adds, during her son's absence), as when she was honoured with your charming society. I love her more, if possible, for being so sensible of your exquisite worth, and companionable qualities. The latter, there are very few persons possessed of, and yet they may be very amiable ; but they want the secret of making us pleased with ourselves. They miss their aim too, by attempting to be entertaining in a more than common degree, and in order to accomplish this, will have all the chat to themselves, and strive to amuse, by telling

ling

ling a thousand stories, of which they are the heroes; they will be either servilely complying, or rudely contradicting. In short, we find ourselves disposed to be tired of these *agreeable companions*, and retire to solitude, when their persecuting civility will allow it, with a double relish, from the toil we have undergone. I write on this subject with more energy just now, as I have, for two hours, been tormented with a very good kind of a young man, who has little else to do than to run from one student's room to another, and will never believe that a man can choose to be alone, unless he is devoured with the spleen, which he good-naturedly strives to remove by a tiresome detail of *nothings*. I really was at last constrained to tell him I had letters of importance to finish. I dare

say you will easily discover at what period of my epistle my very agreeable companion broke in upon me.

Adieu—I am most truly yours,

ALFRED.

LET-

## LETTER XV.

ELWINA TO ALFRED.

**O**H, I know to a fraction the kind of being your agreeable companion is. And, I think, without spectacles, I could discern the precise point of time his pleasant sallies commenced. If I thought you would not accuse me of ingratitude, and a turn for satire (two very horrid qualities, and, thank Heaven, two that I am perfectly free from), I should just hint that our friend Mrs. M——'s name might be put on the list of uncompanionables; and yet she has very many amiable qualities belonging to her character. She is an excellent mother,

a very good wife, considering her husband is so much from home, and a charitable and kind friend; but there is a certain restlessness about her, which we females call *fidgetting*. I know not the etymology of the word, or whether it is derived from the Greek or Latin; that I leave to the learned of either University. Mrs. M— is the best illustration of it that I know at present.

If walking is talked of, *she will be of the party with all her heart. It is quite the thing she likes. But do not you think it is too hot? or it is too cold, or it is windy, or though the sun shines now, I think it will rain soon, or twenty other things; if reading is proposed, oh, that is so very delightful! I love of all things (you know her manner) to hear my dear Elwina read.* Well, when  
the

the subject is chosen (and, to mend the matter, she declares she has no choice), it is fifty to one that she does not attend to you five minutes : she will sometimes quit the room in a most interesting passage, and beg I will go on, and not mind her, she shall not be long gone, and knows I will have the goodness to relate the story to her afterwards. Such persons should never attempt to read any thing but newſ-papers, or, the *beauties* of different authors. How lucky for them, that there are ſo many good natured makers of books for your five minute readers. The cream of literature is now ſo eaſily ſkimmed, that Homer might almoſt be crammed into a nut-shell. I think this may be called an age of œconomy, for you have nothing to do but to give up your own judg-



ment to a compiler, and you shall have all that is worth reading in so voluminous a writer as Johnson, comprised in two pocket volumes.

Notwithstanding I see her foibles, I have a great regard for Mrs. M——; but I cannot allow her to possess companionable qualities; and I really think her choice of an Indian Captain a very strong instance of her good sense. If you observe, she talks herself out in a very short time, and then there is such a tedious round of what our neighbours are doing, that I am absolutely often in danger of falling a victim to *ennui*. I think there is no disorder equal to that superabundance of words devoid of conversation. I would not say this to any human being but Alfred; but he knows as well as myself how to separate the

the

the grain from the chaff, and while he respects the one, can feel a generous pity for the other.

She is doubly intitled to my gratitude, for had I not been distinguished by her regard, I should never have known you.

I hope you will discover that I am marvellously recovered in my disposition; I am perfectly sweet tempered at present, and, believe me too, I am quite well. I think your sympathetic feelings should have informed you as much; but, perhaps, sympathy is not so active a power in friendship, as it is said to be in less governable passions.

---

You must take some lessons of farming

from my father, who holds upwards of an hundred acres in his own hands, *pour l'amusement*, for I do not think he is *much the richer at the year's end*; but he gains health. I have rather a passion for agriculture myself, and, perhaps, may be able to give you some information; and you know, you have often told me you had much rather receive instruction from a woman than a man, as they mix delight with it. I believe I must purchase for you *The Poor Man's Economy; or the Art of Growing Rich and Respectable*. It will be an useful little book to lie in the parlour window at the rectory. *Apropos!* I availed myself of your permission, and filled a box with some books from your library, which I am reading with great avidity, and I hope improvement; not without a frequent wish that you were my companion

all

all the while, that we might make our remarks together as we proceeded.

I have not forgotten my promise of Mrs. Pleydel's history.—It shall soon follow this; but my conscience tells me this is a sufficient length already. I should second your motion of *flying posts*, and I should prove my approbation by writing by each, if you would promise to do the same. Your letters afford me the highest pleasure, and I would not relinquish it for the universe; but on the consideration of conversing with you.

I like your idea of the boy's notching off each day; it is an excellent one: do you think I do not count the hours too? It would be strange if I did not, for I have not seen a being yet that could, for one

moment, make me forget Alfred, or can any circumstance occur which could induce me to cease regretting his absence—*We shall meet*, you say; and can you suppose *I should ever forbid our often meeting?* Are you yet so unacquainted with Elwina? She is incapable of deceit or disguise—she makes not professions indeed---she flatters not; but her esteem is permanent, and her reason justifies the choice of her inclination. Alfred must ever be the approved friend of

ELWINA.

LET-

## LETTER XVI.

ELWINA TO ALFRED.

I AM now seriously going to set about writing a *Petite Histoire* of “The Calamities of Civil War.” And I shall not take up the time of my amiable friend with unnecessarily prefacing how unequal I am to the task. It is sufficient Alfred requests me; Elwina knows not how to refuse what he asks.

Mr. Pleydel became acquainted with my eldest sister, during his residence in England

land for the purpose of negotiating certain affairs relative to his employment in the civil line, which he succeeded his father in. It is now exactly ten years since, and Matilda is just that number of years older than me.

His person and manners were pleasing, and his character sufficiently established to justify a young woman in selecting him from the rest of the world, for her partner in life.

I have been always partial to fine teeth, and I still remember Mr. Pleydel's (except one set I have seen) were of the most beautiful order. His eyes were extremely handsome, but rather too dark and quick, and had that extreme kind of fire, that,  
like

like the sun, they were too piercing to be looked at steadily. I have sometimes ventured to examine much finer eyes, whose effulgence is like the moon in all its splendour, which may be gazed at with delight, and never fails to inspire a nameless satisfaction. Do you ever see those eyes, Alfred? You cannot see them with mine however.—So much for the person of my brother-in-law. His understanding and probity will be fully proved in the subsequent part of his history.

To his addresses my father could form no one objection; but that the compliance would divide his first born from him probably for ever. Matilda's attachment, however, had great weight with him; and Mr. Pleydel was too much in love himself,

to



to make fortune an object in his matrimonial engagement.

You have heard that my father had been bred a wholesale grocer. He had acquired a very large fortune, besides having good possessions from his and my mother's family. Before he quitted business, which was two years previous to this point of time I am speaking of, he had always declared he would give his daughters (then four in number) first and last ten thousand pounds each. He had not then been seized with the desire, I was going to say madness, of making his eldest son a member of parliament, and his two other sons gentlemen by profession. My father has a thousand excellencies; indeed I think he has but this one foible, namely, despising trade. It is a great pity;—as a commercial country

country we are the first in the world, and the character of an English merchant is respectable over each section of the globe. It is certainly a weakness, but human nature is weak. As soon as this unhappy prejudice against trade seized my poor father, he rested not till he had intirely disengaged himself from it, and now he found there were occasions enough for his money ; and that men of ever so large estates did not give their daughters such fortunes. “ Indeed,” as he said, “ a grocer might find  
 “ some difficulty in getting his girls married, and, therefore, ten thousand pounds  
 “ (being an object with many men, who  
 “ would overlook the misfortune of being  
 “ a tradesman’s daughter for such a *douceur*)  
 “ was then necessary ; but the sisters of a  
 “ member of parliament with three thousand pounds, and a promise of some  
 “ thing

“ thing more, might do quite as well.” Now the experiment was to be made, and Mr. Pleydel being very much attached, and esteeming the consent of my father rather a forced one, made no objection to this abridgment of fortune. And so we must learn to be content with three thousand pounds, and reduce our views to our humble fortune, that our brother the member, and *first* gentleman of the family, which we are too often reminded of in not the pleasantest manner, may have an establishment equal to the sphere in life he is raised to. It is enough for his family to be the satellites of so resplendent a planet.

On the death of one of the sweetest girls in the world, whom I loved with the tenderest affection, and whose loss I shall  
never

never cease lamenting, my father settled all the surplus of our intended dowers upon my brother, which was upwards of thirty thousand pounds; though he still does us the honour of making our house his home: that is, he sleeps and eats in it whenever it suits him. I am insensibly giving you the history of our whole family. I hope not to prejudice you against any one of them. My brother has, I must acknowledge, a great share of pride; yet I excuse it, when I reflect, that being set up so much above his family, has occasioned the increase of it; for, like the sheaves of wheat in Joseph's dream, we all do homage and obeisance to him. He is quite the polite gentleman in his deportment; his person is handsome; his address pleasing, and his manners so engaging, that he is spoken of in all companies with

with respect, and his society courted by those whose birth and rank are greatly superior to his.

All this gratifies the vanity of my dear father, who never fails when these instances appear (which are very frequent), to congratulate himself as being the first promoter of his family's advancement into notice. My brother has been now several years in parliament, the delight and pride of his father, who wants nothing to complete his happiness but to see him nobly allied, that at least his grand-children may have some patrician blood in their veins. But although many essays have been made towards such a wished-for alliance, they have not yet been crowned with success. On the failure of any scheme of this kind, my poor  
disap-

disappointed father cannot help breaking forth with, “ aye, aye, I see how it is, “ my poor Clodio. They will never for- “ get that your unfortunate father once “ sold sugar and plums in Watling- “ street.”

---

After the accustomed time passed in settling those kind of affairs, the wedding in our family took place, and in six weeks, about Christmas 1769, the new married folks embarked for Philadelphia, which was to be the residence of Mr. Pleydel.

My sister was delighted with her situation, and her husband's appointment giving her some rank in that city, contributed not a little to her satisfaction. Her  
letters

letters were filled with accounts of the civilities of the inhabitants, and the even increased fondness of her dear Mr. Pleydel.

The political troubles soon began to discover themselves, but as they were chiefly confined to the provinces of New England and Massachusetts Bay, those settled at Philadelphia were not much disturbed by them. Circumstances, however, in government made it necessary for Mr. Pleydel to remove himself and family into the midst of the malecontents, and just, too, at a very critical period. It was his business to endeavour to conciliate matters, but he found them too much inflamed with the spirit of independence; and they laboured as ineffectually to bring him over to their opinions: his steadiness to his principles nearly proved

fatal to him. The Congress seized all his effects, and on his remonstrating, dragged him away to prison ; ordering his wife and children to quit Boston in twenty-four hours, and the province in three days.

A collective body may be cruel and tyrannical in its orders, but it is individuals only that are rapacious and vindictive. The assembly banished the family of poor Pleydel ; but the officer, whose business it was to see their resolution executed, stripped my sister and her infants of every shilling, and hardly left them clothing to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather. He inhumanly too refused her any satisfactory intelligence of the fate of her husband. We will suppose a subaltern was not likely to be informed of the decisions of Congress, but it was an unpardon-



unpardonable barbarity, to sharpen the arrow of affliction, which a self-created power had struck into the heart of a helpless woman, by telling her, that although the mode of execution was not yet determined, yet it was certain he would be put to death. Nay, as she passed along the streets (as she pathetically said in the words of the Psalmist), "the very abjects came and looked upon her." She was reviled and insulted by the rabble; and her eyes blasted with the effigy of her husband dragged about the town, like Guy Vaux on the fifth of November. They were bawling about, "the last dying speech of that traitor to the good cause of independence, William Pleydel." She declares, even the wretches whose habitual poverty made it of little consequence to them under what master they should

should continue slaves, and whom she had frequently relieved with money, meat and clothing, were among the foremost to insult and ill-treat her.—Their expressions of hatred to the king were not the least grating to her ears.

The relation of her persecution, I dare say, will bring into your mind that beautiful description in Jane Shore.

Around her, numberless, the rabble flow'd,  
Should'ring each other, crowding for a view,  
Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling;  
Some pitying, but those, alas! how few!  
The most, such iron-hearts we are, and such  
The base barbarity of human kind,  
With insolence and loud reproach pursu'd her,  
Hooting and railing, and with villainous  
hands

Gath'ring the filth from out the common  
ways,

To hurl it on her head.——

At length the roar, that pursued the hapless wanderers, sunk like the murmurs of a falling wind, and softened into silence. But the surrounding storm had supported her to bear it. Now that she looked round and felt how truly desolate she was, with four weeping children clinging to her bosom, let any one for a moment make the case their own. Let them only feel for a woman, who but a few hours before thought herself in the class of the happy. View her now stripped of every necessary of life: two of her children ill of violent agues, so common to that climate; the other two mere babies, and herself unable to procure them a morsel of  
bread!

bread! With what frantic looks of despair did she turn her tearful eyes on that city from whence she had just been driven with so much ignominy! on that city, which had perhaps imbrued itself with the blood of her beloved husband! She says, she remembers tearing off her cap, and throwing herself on the ground, beseeching it to open and entomb her with her destitute infants! Her agony almost bereaved her of her senses. She even thinks she had for some minutes been quite insensible. She was at last roused by the cries of her children. They thought her dead. The eldest boy, who was just six years old, exclaimed faintly, for he was debilitated with illness, as well as with a sense of their sufferings,—“ Yes, my dearest  
 “ mamma, I shall soon follow you! My  
 “ poor Caroline will die too! And then

“ what will become of these little ones ?  
 “ Oh, my dearest papa, could you see us  
 “ now ! But you are dead. The wicked  
 “ men have killed us all ! One grave  
 “ will serve us ! ” The other children set  
 up a piercing cry, and my sister, awakened  
 to the sense of knowing how important it  
 was for her to struggle with her evils,  
 since the lives of her infants depended on  
 her exertion, raised herself up, and clasping  
 them to her wretched bosom, begged  
 mercy and protection of that Power who  
 suffers its creatures to be afflicted, but  
 who can give them strength to support  
 themselves under their distress :

She consulted with her son George, who  
 had an understanding astonishingly ma-  
 ture. He reminded her of an Aunt of  
 his father's, who lived at Albany, and  
 who

who was his godmother. "Alas!" cried his weeping mother, "and how shall we get thither?"

"In a few days," said this dear prophetic child, "you will not have so much care as at present. I shall be provided for; so perhaps will Caroline; and my little brother will be able to walk by your side, while you carry Matilda in your arms." "And how will you be provided for, my sweet angel?" asked his mother.

"I *shall* be an angel by that time," mamma," replied the dear little fellow. "To-morrow is the day when my ague will return, and I know I shall be taken from you." The looks of the child so truly prognosticated the truth of his asser-

fection, that my poor sister seemed already bereft of him. She threw her arms round her darling, and in the bitterness of woe declared all evils were trifling compared with the idea of having him torn from her. Surely Heaven inspired this wonderful child! He comforted her in such words as left the most indelible impression on her mind. He petitioned Heaven to relieve her distresses, or enable her to support them. "Ah, my dearest mamma," he cried, "do not repine that I am taken from you, I who must now be so very burthenfome. If I had strength I might assist you; but, alas! I am so weak, that to lift up my hand is a fatigue to me. Though I am parched and dying for a drop of water, I could not crawl to that brook."

The wish to succour her child, gave Matilda activity; she flew to the stream, but sunk down in despair when she found she had no vessel to convey it to the lips of her dying infant. She now ran back to him, the moment she recovered herself, and brought the dear child to the margin of the brook lading up a little in the hollow of her hand. He thanked her with his eyes, which now became dim and glassy. She had a fearful presentiment that his death was approaching; eagerly she sought some place where she could convey him, to render the last moments of his life as little painful as their situation would admit of. She reached some trees that promised them a little shelter, and here she and her helpless children prepared to pass the night. She drew them all as close as possible, pressing her dear



George to her bosom to communicate a little warmth to him during the paroxysm of the cold fit, which was very severe; but he struggled through that, and endured three hours of violent fever. My poor sister held him in all the agony of grief in her arms, till she felt him seized with the convulsion of death. Nature sickened and revolted. She laid him gently on the grass, when she beheld the cruellest of all sights for a fond mother, a beloved child gasping for life, unable to sustain him, to relieve, or even afford the smallest assistance! There was no friendly hand to support her, or even to bury her dead son. She knelt mournfully by him, regardless of every thing, and seemingly insensible of her situation, and that of the wretched survivors. They now began to be clamorous for food, which

which she calmly told them, she had not for them. "Your brother is dead," she cried; "we all shall be so soon." Peace, "my dear children, it is the will of Heaven, and we must submit." Poor souls! they understood not this kind of philosophy, but began to cry most bitterly with all the vociferation of children absolutely starving, not considering that their cries did no manner of good.

---

*Continued.*

HAPPILY, however, for them, an Indian chief by mere accident passed near enough to their woful habitation, to discern several persons lying on the ground as if dying or dead. He was out on a shooting party, and had wandered many miles from his native woods, and left his

companions at a great distance. Most providentially he had a bottle of rum with him, and a small quantity of provision. There needed not words to inform the gentle-minded Indian of the outline of the story: as few were necessary on his side. He presented his bottle and food, which they each partook of, and then delivering the wampum into her hand, *he took up the talk*. “I ask not,” said he, “what country you are of. Whether you belong to our brother on the other side the lake; or whether you are an enemy to us and to him. I see you are in distress; that is country enough for an Indian to pour the balm of consolation into the wounds of adversity. The great Spirit suffers his creatures to be afflicted, to teach them wisdom, and to inspire men with compassion one to-  
wards

“wards another. Your child is dead;  
 “but it was the hand that formed him  
 “who has deprived you of the infant of  
 “your hopes. It was not the hand of  
 “your enemy. *I* have had children; but  
 “they are no more. Their deaths are re-  
 “venged, and I am satisfied.” He raised  
 the poor mourners, who were almost ready  
 to worship him for his timely assistance;  
 and after depositing the corpse of the be-  
 loved George in its original earth, he led my  
 wretched sister, by a nearer way than she could  
 have discovered, to a small Indian village,  
 where she continued several days; being  
 charitably sustained by the humanity of  
 these so improperly styled savages.

Here she procured, through the bene-  
 volence of her excellent friends, a decent  
 coffin for her dear child, who was brought

from the spot where she had first been compelled to inter him, and, as near as she could, she buried him according to the rites of our church; erecting a simple monument, denoting who he was.

At her request an Indian went to Boston to gather some intelligence of the fate of Mr. Pleydel. What a suspense was hers during the expedition! and how little consolation did his return afford her! It amounted to no more than this; that Congress had not yet determined on his death, still hoping they might, by threats and cruel treatment, induce him to come over to their interests, which would be a circumstance so much in their favour, as would encourage them to elect him the chief of their assembly: that he still continued his firm adherence to loyalty; protesting,

testing, no present evils or future advantage should ever alter his fixed resolution of preserving his faith inviolate to the best of kings. The worthy Indian, too, had been to some late friends of my sister, who were not quite so over-run with the enthusiasm of independence as some were, and who had charity enough to commiserate her situation, with ability to mitigate her sufferings in a small degree, by affording her a little supply of money and clothing: all which the honest creature brought her with the utmost fidelity.

Finding that time brought no alleviation to her griefs, that she might receive information of all public affairs at Albany, she disposed herself for travelling to that province, together with her helpless infants. When she made known her resolution,

solution, the Indian who had first patro-  
 nized her, and whose name was Logan,  
 fixed his eyes upon her, while they filled  
 with tears. "Where are you going,"  
 said he to her, "from a society to whom  
 "you are dear? Why will you not re-  
 "main with us, who will protect you from  
 "every evil? You know not what distresses  
 "you may encounter, when Logan, per-  
 "haps, will not be near to defend you  
 "from dangers. Children of affliction!  
 "why will you leave this safe retreat? I  
 "have known sorrow, yet the great Spirit  
 "has blest me with the power of lessen-  
 "ing yours. I will relate to you the  
 "sufferings of a man who has felt the  
 "arrow of distress rankle in his heart. I  
 "have seen the loved partner of my life  
 "torn from my embraces, notwithstand-  
 "ing all the exertions, my body, en-  
 "feebled

“ feebled by wounds, would permit me to  
“ make in her defence. Yes,” continued  
he, his eyes flashing fire, and his whole  
frame agitated with trembling; “ yes, I  
“ saw her, whom I loved with transport,  
“ dragged into the woods, and heard her  
“ dying groans ! I have seen my children  
“ suffocated and consumed in the fire of  
“ my dwelling ! I saw it all when I was  
“ unable, from my bonds, to rescue them !  
“ Child of affliction, thy husband, thy  
“ loved partner, though separated from  
“ thee, is still living. I ask thee not to  
“ supply the place of my beloved Attila.  
“ Yet my eyes have never looked on a  
“ woman since her death, till I beheld  
“ thee. But thy children may supply to  
“ me the loss of my own ; and the hand  
“ of Logan shall defend their mother from  
“ evil. I will respect thee ; and if thou  
“ canst



“ canst not love me like thy husband, call  
“ me thy brother ; and Logan shall suffer  
“ death before his beloved sister shall be  
“ injured : is not the wampum still in  
“ thine hand ? ”

Matilda listened to him with a nameless terror. Though she had the highest idea of his honour, yet she knew, and had heard more of the violent passions of the Indians, whether love or hatred predominated. With gratitude she thanked him for the protection he had already afforded her, but pointed out to him the necessity of her immediately repairing to Albany, as there alone she could meet with succour ; and it was the advice of her prophetic child, that she should bend her forlorn footsteps thither as soon as possible. Her string of wampum she hung round her neck, and vowed  
never

never to part with so friendly a proof of his zeal; and she should never cease her prayers to the great Spirit, to shower down comforts on his head.

“ Oh ! never, never !” cried he, throwing himself on the ground, “ no, never  
“ can the wretched Logan know any  
“ comfort, if he is deprived of thee ! Never  
“ has the sun of joy risen in my bosom,  
“ till since my eyes have feasted on thy  
“ beauty. Your cheeks, pale and stained  
“ with tears, have cast an impression in my  
“ heart never to be worn out. But your  
“ heart dwelleth in the bosom of another.  
“ Logan shall never attempt to draw it  
“ forth. He has suffered; and he can  
“ suffer.”

She

She attempted to reconcile him to the absolute necessity of their parting ; which, however, he would not consent to, till she had given him leave, with two other Indians, to convey her in safety to Albany. They began their journey the next day after their conversation, which occasioned an addition of grief to my poor sister, for she plainly saw the agonizing conflict that passed in the mind of Logan. During their long and troublesome march, he spoke but little, and his melancholy increased as they approached the end. His face was frequently bedewed with tears, and his bosom agitated with sighs and groans.

The day before they reached their destined resting place, he pointed out Albany to her view. A gleam of joy overspread her

her face, when a deep groan from her conductor made her turn all her attention towards him. In a voice of pity and compassion, she soothed his sorrows, and besought him to share in the comfort her sad heart began to taste in the hope of being kindly received by her dear husband's friends. "Oh! that I could!" he exclaimed; "but I shall lose you; and "Logan will be thought of no more."

She assured him most fervently that his welfare would ever be dear to her: that his kindness would never be forgotten: that the memory of him would seldom be absent from her thoughts. Compassion for the miseries she saw him daily and hourly suffer, drew this tender confession from her. His face was illumined in a moment with the most exquisite transport.

He

He snatched her hand with an eagerness that made her start, and strive to disengage it from his grasp. "Oh! Logan," she cried, "you are bound to protect me! do not make me repent the obligation you have laid me under!" He turned from her, and burst into tears; nor did he walk near her the remainder of the day. On the succeeding they arrived at Albany; and Logan conducted his charge to the house of Mrs. Wellers, the aunt of Mr. Pleydel, who received the poor wanderers, and promised them an asylum.

Matilda now gave way to the gratitude of her disposition, and profusely thanked her generous Logan for the repeated kindness he had shewn her: but she could not dissipate the gloom that enveloped his countenance. She endeavoured to make  
him

him sensible of the caresses of her children, and from the neck of the youngest she took a row of coral, which is worn to facilitate cutting the teeth, and fastened it by the gold locket to his arm. He looked on it some moments without speaking; then turning towards her, with a fearful solemnity of countenance, he said, "I have brought you to a place of safety; and Logan has no more to do with life. May the great Spirit protect you, and re-unite you to the happiest of men! Logan has drank of the bitter cup of affliction; but this is the last draught. Farewel!" Saying which, he struck a dagger into his breast, and falling at her feet, expired without a groan.

The suddenness of the blow precluded all possibility of preventing it. And the  
terror

terror that seized my poor sister deprived her for some time of her senses. She bewailed the death of this extraordinary man with the utmost sincerity and grief. Mrs. Wellers was a kind of woman, that could form no idea of such a romantic passion in a savage, and was rather induced to believe Matilda must have encouraged his attachment. She listened with great coolness to the accounts my sister gave of his whole behaviour, and in short her narrow prejudices so disgusted Matilda, that nothing but dire necessity could have prevailed on her to remain under her roof. This necessity was the return of illness in a still greater degree to her daughter Caroline, who in ten days was no more.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wellers now became rather more humanized, and lamented with pity the situation of a helpless woman who was unable to resist the brutal force of a savage's love. Matilda was near driven to distraction at this absurd and cruel idea, which Mrs. Wellers would not give up, of its being impossible for a pretty young woman to have lived some weeks in the society of a savage who loved her, without violation. It certainly behoved Matilda to combat this strange supicion as much as possible, merely as it lessened her in the eyes of the only person, herself and children had now to depend on. But when the dread of such an idea being infused into the mind of her husband, came across her recollection, she hardly knew how to support herself. She called Heaven to witness the purity of the passion



sion Logan felt for her, and the fidelity she had shewn her husband. But she had the mortification of seeing that, although she silenced, she could not convince the old lady, and had therefore every thing to dread should Heaven grant her the life and society of her husband.

*Continued.*

*The Calamities of Civil War continued.*

MATILDA remained a prey to doubt, and almost despair; for some months, hearing various accounts of Mr. Pleydel's situation, which so intirely contradicted each other, as to destroy any satisfaction she was sometimes inclined to indulge.— Her distress on her husband's imprisonment, and uncertainty of the issue of it; the death of her two eldest children, which she must suppose accelerated by fatigue and grief, together with the present evils with which she saw herself surrounded, were enough to sink the spirits of the most philosophic mind : and add to all this, the

kind of pity she received from Mrs. Wellers, and the limited protection affording but a bare subsistence for herself and children, and you will allow Matilda was most truly an object of compassion. Restless and uneasy, she would frequently wander many miles from home; and one day, full of meditation on her own melancholy fate, she had lengthened her walk much farther than usual, nor had sufficient recollection that she ought to return till she found herself quite weary. At a distance she saw a small party of Indians coming towards her; but of them she had no apprehension. When they approached her, she learnt they were the inhabitants of a settlement called Tuscarora, who are a very friendly tribe. She was never without beads, coral, feathers, and those articles of finery, which it is common for Indians, whether savages,

or

or civilized, to be fond of ; these she produced, and amongst her treasures shewed them the string of wampum, she had received from her generous, but unfortunate protector Logan. It was known instantly by most of the assembly, and she related the circumstance of having it presented to her by that brave warrior. While she was attending to an eulogium of this chief, some more of the party came towards them ; when a tall, meagre, pale-faced looking Indian gave a loud cry, and would have fallen to the earth, had he not been supported by one of his companions who saw his disorder. Matilda happened to have some volatile salts in her pocket, which she immediately offered the fainting Indian ; but judge of her surprise and feelings, when, on going up to him, she heard him exclaim, in a low voice “ Matilda ! ” and then closed his

eyes, as if his soul had fled in pronouncing her name. Heaven inspired her with a presence of mind almost incredible. That the disguised Indian was her husband, there needed only the well-known sound of his voice to convince her. But in the midst of her transport of joy in having found him, and her distraction, lest he was only brought before her eyes to see him breathe his last, she happily recollected that every thing depended on the prudence and caution with which she conducted herself. While she was busy in using every method to recover him, she informed the surrounding Indians that he had formerly been a domestic of hers, and the sudden joy of having unexpectedly seen her had overcome him, and thrown him into a disorder he was liable to be afflicted with. She intreated them to leave her with the sick man, and she doubted not

he

he would soon recover. They all respectfully retired to a distance out of sight and hearing.....such politeness is practised by this untaught race of beings. Matilda then taking the hand of her beloved husband, which she bathed with tears, called to him by the most endearing names, and by her caresses restored him to sense and recollection. At first he looked a little wild, and demanded how it was possible they should have met. “ Oh, my adored Pleydel,” she cried, “ every thing is possible with the Almighty; who has thus, as a reward for all our sufferings, ordained we should meet to part no more. Let us not waste the precious moments in examining how this blessing has been accomplished; but let us take advantage of it to secure ourselves a safe retreat. I reside with your aunt Wellers at Albany, whither

“ther I will conduct you : how will she  
“rejoice at your safety ! Oh, I have much  
“to tell you, and your almost famished  
“looks, together with your disguise, too  
“plainly inform me, I have much also to  
“hear.

“All will be forgotten,” he answered,  
“since I once more behold my dearest  
“Matilda. Where are my sweet children?”

“You shall see them at our return,” she  
replied, while the tears strayed down her  
cheek ; “but take leave of the good In-  
“dians, and let us proceed to Albany.”

This business being arranged, the lately  
met pair set forward for Mrs. Wellers’s. A  
great deal of caution was necessary lest  
Mr. Pleydel should be known, for notwith-  
standing that town still remained in the  
hands

hands of loyalists, there were too many disaffected persons in it not to fear the worst for the poor fugitive. It was almost dark, and themselves spent with fatigue, when they reached the house of Mrs. Wellers. Matilda underwent a severe chiding from the old lady, whose temper, rather irascible, at all times, was not much sweetened by being told her niece had brought a sick Indian home with her. Her partiality for Indians was expatiated on in terms by no means pleasing; but she bore it with great patience, letting her aunt proceed till she was pretty well tired, and then ventured to assure her, the Indian she presumed to bring into her house was not so much on the score of charity, which perhaps, as herself and children were objects of that virtue, she had no right to exercise it on another, how much soever her



heart was inclined to it; but that she was well informed he had some intelligence to give them respecting her husband, who had fortunately made his escape from the danger into which the cruel tyranny of Congress had thrown him; and, perhaps, this honest Indian could instruct her in the means of once more beholding him.

Notwithstanding the singularity of Mrs. Wellers in many instances, she had a great love for her nephew; and but the shadow of hope held out that she should once more see him, softened her asperity in a moment. She requested to see the messenger of good tidings directly, and in her zeal would have declared, before all her servants, that this Indian knew of Mr. Pleydel's residence, though that circumstance might have been attended with the

utmost danger. The prudence, however, of Matilda never deserted her on the most trying occasions, and she moderated the transports of the old lady, taking care that no one should be either eye or ear witness to the conference. It was some time before Mrs. Wellers could be convinced that in reality it was her nephew whom she saw, so effectually had he personated the manners and figure of an Indian chief. They settled among themselves that he should still continue the dress he had assumed till he could get from America, or at least till he had joined the royal army, which was now at New York, and to which place my sister was extremely anxious to be gone for many reasons, the most powerful of which was, lest Mrs. Wellers's incautious manner of speaking of every thing, should

should lead any one to suspect who this Indian was.

She waved her husband's inquiry after his children for that night, by telling him they were all in bed, putting off his wish to see them (though sleeping), for fear, if any of them should awake, they might be alarmed at the figure of such a man caressing them. Neither would she seek her own gratification by hearing his adventures, but left him to that repose so very necessary to recruit his health and strength.

The next morning she went to his room, and prepared him for the melancholy detail she had to make, by enumerating the blessings they yet enjoyed in having lived to meet once more, when they must have reasonably given up all thoughts of such hap-

happiness in this world. With great piety and philosophy she spoke of the allays to felicity, which are the natural taxes of humanity, and to which we must submit, as they are inevitable. She then entered into a minute detail of her sufferings, from the time of his apprehension and her expulsion. Not a circumstance did she omit of Logan's generosity, and his growing passion, which she beheld with the truest concern ; but she did ample justice to the honour of this unfortunate chief's conduct towards her, and with tears bewailed the last rash act of this extraordinary man.

Happily for her the mind of Mr. Pleydel was of the most liberal stamp ; he had too a thorough knowledge of the sentiments of the Indians, and that innate principle of honour, which actuates and regulates

lates all their movements. — Logan was not unknown to him, either by character or person. Of such a man as Logan, he could entertain no suspicions ; and he had too much confidence in the affection and honour of his wife, to believe that in word or thought she ever swerved from either more than himself. They united their tears for the loss of their dear children, nor did a few fall over the ashes of the gallant Logan.

Logan, whom my brother-in-law remembered to have made a speech to Lord Dunmore, that would have done honour to the greatest philosopher and Christian hero.

“ I now ask,” he said, “ of every white  
“ man, whether he hath ever entered the  
“ cottage

“ cottage of Logan, when pressed with  
 “ hunger, and been refused food ? whether  
 “ coming naked and shivering with cold,  
 “ Logan hath not given him something to  
 “ cover himself with ? During the course  
 “ of this last war, so long and so bloody,  
 “ Logan hath remained quietly on his  
 “ mat, wishing to be the advocate of peace.  
 “ Yes, such is my attachment to white  
 “ men, that, even those of my nation,  
 “ when they passed by, pointed at me,  
 “ saying, *Logan is a friend to white men.*  
 “ I had even thoughts of living amongst  
 “ you ; but that was before the injury I re-  
 “ ceived from one of you. Last summer  
 “ Colonel Cressop massacred, in cool  
 “ blood, and without any provocation, all  
 “ the relations of Logan, without sparing  
 “ either his wife or his children. There is

“ not now one drop of my blood in the veins  
“ of any human creature existing ! This  
“ is what has excited my revenge. I have  
“ fought it —I have killed several of your  
“ people, and my hatred is appeased. I  
“ rejoice at seeing the prospect of peace  
“ brighten on my country. But do not  
“ imagine my joy is instigated by fear.  
“ Logan knows not what fear is; he will  
“ never turn his back to save his life. But  
“ alas ! no one remains to mourn for Lo-  
“ gan when he shall be no more.”

What a beautiful, simple, energetic and affecting speech !—Could any one, who had heard him utter it, harbour a thought injurious to the uniform character of such a man ? How did the last unfortunate act of  
his

his life, while it stamped a lustre on that character, both endear him, and cause them to regret, with many bitter tears, the loss of so great a hero !

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

















